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MORE THAN THIS.

I saw the beauty of the world
Before me like a flag unfurled—
The splendor of the morning sky
And all the stars in company.
I thought, How beautiful it is!
My soul said, There is more than this.

I saw the pomps of death and birth,
The generations of the earth;
I looked on saints and heroes crowned,
And love as wide as heaven is round.
I thought, How wonderful it is!
My soul said, There is more than this.

Lady Anne's Double.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE," "PEGGY'S ADVENTURE," "THE SHADOW ON A GIRL'S LIFE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

THE next morning the whole town rang with the news of Sir Andrew Sandford's arrest and the terrible secret of the Court, and before night it had found its way into every paper.

Soon after the wintry dawn broke Colonel Markham drove over with a police inspector and Jack Redfern, armed with full powers, ascended to Lady Anne's rooms and examined the place which had been so long David Carnwath's prison.

Without lamp or fire, and scantily furnished—for all Lady Anne's own quaint furniture had been moved to her house at Mulchester—well might Doctor Goschen dread the effects of this third winter of cold and privation on the life of their unhappy victim; and Colonel Markham groaned aloud at the pitiful sight.

"These rooms must be looked up, sir," the inspector observed, "and no one but the police must be allowed in until Sir Andrew's trial comes off. What is to be done about the servants?"

"They are all new since Lady Anne left," replied the Colonel, "and I heartily wish they were gone, but I suppose we have no authority to dismiss them!"

But, when they entered the hall, Sims, with a look of injured dignity, craved permission to air his grievance and those of his fellow-servants.

"You see, sir," he began, addressing Colonel Markham, "it'll be ruination to us if we stays in this here place after what's happened; and we wishes to have a month's wages and to leave at once. The housekeeper talks of staying with Master Arthur, for she and Sir Andrew was always uncommon thick; but we've our characters to think of, and we'd rather go."

"Very well," rejoined the Colonel, inwardly delighted at getting rid of the whole staff. "The inspector will remain on duty here; so the housekeeper can have the benefit of his company if she likes, and I'll see that your wages are paid before to-morrow morning. So the sooner you pack up and are off the better."

Turning carelessly away the Colonel was about to leave the Court after a few words in private with the inspector and his men, when, stealing down the shallow oaken staircase and steadying itself with tiny hands clasping the balustrade, a little child, with frightened eyes and pitiful quivering lips, with bare feet and in his white nightdress, came into their very midst.

"Where's Molly?" the little fellow asked, in a terrified whisper; and then, looking round and seeing so many strange faces, the child sobbed out the dearly-loved name again and threw himself upon the cold floor in a passion of bitter weeping.

Colonel Markham stopped and lifted the child in his strong arms and wrapped him tenderly in his cloak.

"Call the housekeeper," he directed; and Sims departed to execute the old officer's bidding, the child meanwhile clinging closely to his new friend and nestling in his arms.

Some little time elapsed before the butler's return, and then he came back with a scared and puzzled face.

"She's not in her room, sir," he said with much reluctance, "and she isn't nowhere in the servants' quarters. Mayhap she's gone off to Sir Andrew at Mulchester."

The Colonel looked dismayed. What on earth was he to do with the helpless little fellow? His indecision however lasted only a moment.

"You shall go to Molly, my boy," he remarked very gently, "and I'll take you. Look here"—addressing the gaping maid-servants—"one of you fetch me the child's clothes, for this is a house of strange disappearances, and I won't lose sight of him again. Fetch a warm wrap or two, and look alive, my girl," he added, as a rosy-cheeked housemaid hurried away to obey his commands.

So it came to pass that little Arthur went back to Mulchester with Colonel Markham, and the child of their bitterest enemy became Lady Anne's and Mary Carnwath's scared and anxious charge.

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David Carnwath's stupor lasted many hours, and he was undressed and placed in bed without the slightest return to consciousness, Doctor Ellison remaining in the house to watch the awakening. But, when the critical moment came, it was only to prove too clearly that his mind was wrecked by the drugs which had been administered to him systematically during the years of his detention at the Court. The soft luxurious bed and unaccustomed warmth seemed to please him, and the food and wine he swallowed eagerly. But there all evidence of feeling ended, and Doctor Ellison shook his head gravely as he looked at his emaciated patient.

The old gown—worn nearly to rags—in which he had been made to personate Lady Anne was found in the room where he had been confined, Sir Andrew no doubt thinking it unwise to remove him in so strange a garment; and on the second occasion of his awakening David seemed to miss his gorgeous rags and to fret for them. The powers of life however had run so very low and his state was so terribly critical that Doctor Ellison thought it best to encourage sleep by every means in his power, and his orders to that effect were rigorously enforced.

Mary, ordered to bed by the Doctor, being feverish and ill with the pain of her wound and the greater anguish of her mind, prayed with such pitiful earnestness to be permitted to lie down on a couch in the room next to David, where she could hear any word that might be uttered, that she was allowed to have her own way simply because contradiction brought on more fever, and even worse illness might follow.

Lady Anne hovered between these rooms and her own, closely followed by Jack Redfern, who insisted on sharing Doctor Ellison's watch by David's side. So in Colonel Markham's continual absence Dick and Maggie were left pretty much to their own devices; and, if the truth must be told, they seemed of a singularly interesting nature.

The young people were wandering in the old-fashioned garden behind Lady Anne's house.

"It's all very well, Maggie," Dick was saying, "and no one can be more sorry for Carnwath than I am, but life is too short for everlasting fretting, and I can't fret whilst you are by. Look at me, Maggie, and tell me you're glad to have me with you again."

It was a very shy glance that Maggie gave her big sweetheart, but Dick seemed to consider it eminently satisfactory.

"It's ill waiting for dead men's shoes," said Dick, "and I suppose it isn't right to hope they'll hang Sir Andrew. Even if they did, there's poor little Arthur, and we must help him to grow up a better man than his father. You see dear, I did hope once that David Carnwarth would help to prove my title to the old place; but he'll never do it now, so it's best to face the matters as they stand and not build castles in the air. You'll marry me, darling, all the same—won't you?"

Maggie's eyes were shining through her tears, but she looked up at her lover's face.

"Yes, Dick," she murmured softly, "I'll marry you now, because you have lost the Court and will want somebody to comfort you."

Dick in his joy, clasped the little sweetheart in his arms and nearly smothered her with kisses.

"Now we'll go and tell Lady Anne!" he remarked proudly, holding Maggie fast lest she should escape. "It will cheer her up, and give her something to think about besides all this bother!" And the blushing girl was carried off to her godmother's presence then and there.

"I've had a hard fight for a wife, aunt Anne!" observed Dick, with a saucy smile; "and how I expect you to keep her safely for me until we can get the knot tied for better or for worse. Don't be angry with us for being happy," he added, kissing her ladyship's cheek—"only try to think you've got two to love you instead of one!"

Lady Anne's voice trembled as she smoothed the girl's pretty ruffled curls and bade "Heaven bless her and make her as she herself had been in the days that were gone!"

* * * * * *

The assizes were drawing near, and bail being absolutely refused for Sir Andrew and his infamous accomplice, they were both confined in Mulchester goal until the Courts opened. A great criminal lawyer was engaged to defend the Baronet, and Doctor Goschen having expressed a wish for a certain Old Bailey counsel, he also was well supplied with legal advice.

David Carnwath's state rendered it very doubtful if they would not be tried on a second count—that of manslaughter. It was a fortnight since he had been brought to Mulchester, and his strength was still at the very lowest ebb.

One bright December morning Jack Redfern sat in the big armchair by the side of David's bed, puzzling over the mysterious characters on whose hidden meaning hung such great issues.

For some time David had been sleeping peacefully, and Jack, deep in thought, never noticed the moment when he awoke. It was with a thrill of awe that he heard David say quite calmly and rationally—

"The key to that cipher's in the lining of the case. Haven't you found it out yet, Jack?"

The young barrister steadied his voice by a desperate effort to reply as quietly as these words were spoken—

"I'm glad of that, Carnwath, for it has puzzled me desperately."

Sure enough—for David waited with feverish anxiety for Jack to search—between the leather and the lining a thin sheet of foreign paper, with certain cabalistic characters thereon, was artfully concealed, and proved, as David had declared, to be the key.

"Have I been ill?" the feeble voice went on. "I feel so weak and tired, and all seems so strange, excepting your face, dear old friend!" He put out a gaunt hand to Jack, who grasped it with a queer choking sensation in his throat that prevented him from uttering a single word.

"Why didn't you come in last night as you promised? I had that half bottle of wine which I said I wouldn't drink till you came. Don't you remember, Jack?"

Remember! Could Jack Redfern ever forget! And here was David evidently unconscious that three long years had passed away since that awful night!

A long pause ensued, during which David seemed to be struggling to regain some lost memory, and Jack Redfern gazed blindly at the paper before him, seeing nothing, heeding nothing but the words of his dying friend, and praying for Doctor Ellison's return.

He could not reach the bell, for his hand was still clasping that of David. The feeble fingers clung weakly to his, and for his life he dared not move.

"I remember now, Jack," the faint voice continued. "I never went back last night; I fell down—somewhere near—the river—and hurt—my—head. Did you—find—me and—bring—me here?"

"Yes," replied Jack, ashamed of the lie he was telling, but afraid to speak the truth. In his agony of mind he moved, upsetting a wine-glass of medicine; and the sound brought Doctor Ellison upstairs instantly.

At a glance the latter took in the situation, and drew back in the shelter of the curtains.

"Why, dear old fellow," said David feebly, "the trees were green—in the Temple—Gardens when—I went out—that night—and it is—winter now! Have I been sick—ever—since?"

"Yes," answered Jack. "But you'll soon be all right now, and then we'll go back and begin work together!"

A faint gray shadow crept over the face of the dying man; and Doctor Ellison, after putting a cordial in Jack's hand, left the room with swift silent steps. He returned almost immediately with Mary and Lady Anne, but would suffer neither of them to go near the bed.

"If only—Mary—were—here—I—should—be—happy!" murmured David.

Then Doctor Ellison's grasp on the girl's arm loosened, and she crept to her brother's side and put her arms around him.

There was no surprise in David's face at her sudden appearance, only joy ineffable. Feebly drawing Mary's hand to that other still clasping his, he turned his fading eyes upon the friend who would have died to save him; and Jack bent down to catch his whispered words, unheard by the girl whose white agonized face was hidden on her brother's breast.

Then there was a great silence, and they knew that the eternal rest had come.

* * * * * *

It wanted a week to the assizes at Mulchester, and in that week great things had to be achieved by Lady Anne's advisers and friends.

David Carnwath had been laid to rest in a quiet churchyard in the ancient city with all that loving reverence could devise to show the grateful affection of those for whom he had sacrificed his life. For, with the key to that mysterious cipher in his hands, Jack Redfern knew all too well that his friend had been done to death solely because within his grasp lay the secret that would restore the Court to its rightful owners.

The struggling barrister had worked for months silently and alone in Lady Anne's behalf; and only a few days before that terrible night, when he had left his chambers in the Temple never to return, he had

discovered from a certain certificate, which had been cut from the register of a remote village-church in Scotland, and fallen into his hands by one of the strange chances of a lawyer's life, that Andrew Sandford's mother—a person of low extraction—had a husband living at the time of her marriage with his father, Roderick Sandford, thereby invalidating that ceremony altogether.

This husband, supposed to have been lost at sea, had returned unexpectedly; and it was in order to put it out of his power to prove his previous marriage with Roderick Sandford's present wife—now the mother of a fine boy—and compel him to accept the terms offered, or, rather, forced upon him, that the parish register had been tampered with, and a heavy bribe proposed if he would simply hold his tongue and leave the country for ever.

Curiously enough, in the distant land to which they had sent him, he met the very reckless and weak-minded tool to whom Roderick Sandford had entrusted the task of cutting out the certificate.

He had been on duty for the parish clerk, who was ill, and had reasons of his own for wishing to leave the country totally unconnected with the felony he was tempted to commit.

But he was not quite so weak-minded as Roderick Sandford supposed, for he contrived to persuade the latter that he had destroyed the certificate, when all the time it was safely reposing in his own breast-pocket. Being ill and at the point of death, he confided the precious document all unwittingly to the very man who would have compassed heaven and earth to get it back into his own hands.

To work his passage to England and hold in terrorem the recovered certificate over Sir Andrew's head was the sole object now uppermost in Reuben Macullum's mind.

But the seeds of a mortal disease were in him, and he never got farther than the Temple, where he had been told all the great lawyers lived, and where he thought he could get advice as to how he should carry out his desperate resolution.

He had not tampered with the register of that little far-away church—an act which he knew was felony—and, as the register contained the certificate of his own marriage, he had no dread of being accused of stealing it.

So, stumbling feebly and wearily into the Temple Garden, he sank down exhausted on a seat within view, as it happened, of David Carnwath's chambers.

The poor but kindly barrister knew what it was to feel faint and hungry, and his own bitter experience made him tender to the sufferings of others.

So, after gazing for a moment or two at the miserable wayfarer, he sallied forth to see what could be done in his behalf, little thinking that, by acting the good Samaritan, he was to be rewarded a hundredfold by obtaining the very clue to the "Sandford case" he wanted. The man, admitted to the hospital by David's influence, died in a fit that very night.

Carnwath cunningly devised a queer repository in one of the walls of his chambers, where no one, unless in the secret, could ever discover it.

Here he deposited the certificate entrusted to him by Reuben, writing out in a cipher of his own intention his opinion as counsel in the case, which he had cut for Jack Redfern's edification, and adding as a kind of footnote a memorandum of the exact spot where his repository was constructed.

What prompted him to do this no one ever knew. What mysterious premonition of peril moved him none can tell. Jack Redfern, his only friend and adviser, was coming to see him. This was his first thought; and then together they would go over the whole case, and start for Mulchester with the astounding tidings.

But other ears had listened to the revelation made by the dying wayfarer to David Carnwath—those of Sir Andrew Sandford, who had been dining with his lawyers, and was refreshing himself, before returning home by the night express, by taking a turn in the Temple Gardens.

He instantly decided on laying a trap for the simple-minded barrister, into which he was sure to fall.

He never lost sight of David; and the very next night, as the latter was taking his stroll by the river, two men overtook and passed him, one of whom stumbled and seemed to fall, as if seized with sudden illness.

David hastened to his assistance; but a heavy blow on the head rendered him wholly unconscious, and he was hurried into a boat that lay moored near before any passers-by had seen the catastrophe.

From that moment, plied with drugs and overpowered by opiates, the unhappy barrister was never again permitted to recover the use of his senses until he lay dying in Lady Anne's house at Mulchester.

All this came out at the trial, for Doctor, Goschen turned Queen's evidence and betrayed his accomplice and patron, and by doing so saved himself.

But, owing to those papers in cipher and the discovery of Reuben and Jane Macullum's marriage-certificate, it was no longer the trial of a Baronet for manslaughter that drew the crowd which thronged the Criminal Court at Mulchester, but the trial of a man who had no name he could call his own, and who was known only as the impostor who had for three long years kept the lands of Sandford from their rightful owner.

Quite an ovation was given to Lady Anne on that joyful night when the wrong of three terrible years was righted and the Court was given back to its rightful owner. The street where Lady Anne's pretty house stood was thronged; and Dick—Sir Richard Sandford now—his promised wife, and her ladyship had to appear on the balcony before the people would disperse.

In Lady Anne's quiet boudoir, shut out from the noise of the busy street, another scene was being enacted.

Mary Carnwath, looking very fair and sweet in her deep mourning, but with her arm still in a sling, was looking up gratefully into the face of that friend who had been so true to her brother and herself. But tears would come even as she gazed, and Jack longed to take her in his arms and kiss them away now and for ever.

"How can I rejoice when all this cost him his life?" asked the girl, as even through the heavily-curtained doors sounded the happy cheers without. "How can I rejoice when I cannot forget?"

"Mary," said Jack Redfern—and his voice was too grave and earnest for her to resent the familiar title—"Mary, may I tell you now what David's last words were? You have never asked me and I dared not speak."

Mary looked up, startled and amazed.

Jack stooped and spoke in a low tone.

"He gave you to me, Mary, with his dying breath. Do not start and turn away, dear, for I believe I must have loved you ever since we met long ago in poor David's room. Don't say you will not try to care for such an idle good-for-nothing fellow as you know too well I am, for I couldn't bear it just now! But all the same I love you, and shall never cease to do so as long as I live!"

Rising somewhat unsteadily, for she was still weaker than a child, Mary laid a trembling little hand on Jack's arm as he stood with averted face. At the light touch he turned with a swift gesture of surprise, and, before the color which covered Mary's face could ebb, he had caught her in his arms and held her fast.

"You care for me a little, do you not, Mary?" he whispered.

The answer came still more softly—

"More than a little, Jack—more than all the world!"

* * * * * *

It is needless to say that Andrew Sandford's punishment was a heavy one, and the term of penal servitude to which he was sentenced would probably last his life. The only human feeling he seemed to possess was love for his hapless child. And here the noble nature of Lady Anne asserted itself.

"Tell the man," she said, "that his child shall be my charge, as well as that of the woman whose life he has overshadowed and darkened. When he thinks of our pity for that child, let him look up to One more merciful than we can be, and hope for pardon and peace in that dark future he has made for himself."

* * * * * *

It was the wish of Maggie and Dick that a double wedding should take place in the little gray church of Abbot's Cray, where, from her father's house and by her father, the former was to be united to Sir Richard Sandford. But Mary's loss had been too recent for so short an engagement. Therefore it was some months after the young Baronet's marriage that Jack Redfern reaped the reward of his faithful friendship and unselfish love, Colonel Markham giving away the bride, for whose character he entertained the greatest admiration.

Immediately after the ceremony Jack took his wife abroad for a long tour; and the first visit they paid on their return was to Sandford Court. By this time a lovely inheritor of the ancient name laughed and tumbled in infantine glee on the velvet lawn beneath the cedar-trees; and little Arthur Sandford—for they never changed his name—alternately teased and protected his tiny playfellow.

And Lady Anne—who had driven over from her pretty house at Mulchester, where she insisted on remaining in spite of Maggie and Dick—looking upon the happy scene, said, with a suspicious moisture in her eyes—

"My last wish has been granted, and another Stephen will yet reign some day at the old Court, where the noblest of all the Sandfords lived and died."

[THE END.]

His Welcome Home.

BY G. G. F.

TOM OSMOND had been rejected; not, indeed, by the girl herself, but, what was likely to come to much the same thing, by the girl's father. Tom had inherited a good name, and little else, from his forebears. Add to this a good education, a smiling face, a taste, not culinary, horse-flesh, a few odd debts in various quarters, a liberal hand—when infrequent circumstance did not stay its bounty—and there you have Tom Osmond in his means, propensities and conditions. Mr. Pentreath had put pro and contra into the scale before he issued judgment, with the result that pro kicked the beam viciously.

"Look here, Tom," he had said. "I'll speak plainly to you. Though it's her father that says it, no man breathing could wish for a prettier wife than Eva—yes, I see you admit that; and I can answer for it"—here the old man slapped his trousers pocket significantly—"that she'll be a fit mate in other respects. What's more, her own ambition—no, I won't call it ambition, because there's no real ambition where there's no hill-climbing in front—but her own inclination works that way."

"She has never given me to understand that," interposed Tom.

"Perhaps not," Mr. Pentreath went on. "But I've studied the child, and I see her true character developing day by day. It's as I have said, Tom. As I've her happiness and welfare to look to, I've thought over these matters beforehand."

"You are considerate, Mr. Pentreath," Tom said, a shade of bitterness in his tones. "My hopes, as I now see, have been too sanguine. Although Eva and I have known each other from childhood, there has never been anything approaching love-passages between us. Yet I fancied—delusively, you say—that she did care for me. You have forced this confession from me, for of my own accord I should not—at any rate, just yet—have ventured on the subject."

"I only wanted to warn you in time, both for your sake and for hers. I think I know you sufficiently well, Tom, to feel sure that you would not wish her to act on immature impulses. You perceive I grade you higher than I would a mere adventurer."

"And your decision is final?" asked Tom, a slight flush overcasting his face.

"Circumstances being as they are, I am afraid I must say 'Yes' to that."

"And if circumstances altered? For instance, if I were rich instead of poor, should I then be considered worthy of her?"

"Well, then—um!" Mr. Pentreath hesitated, eyeing his companion askance. "But we'd better not consider a hypothetical case. I like you, Tom—I always did—but I've responsibilities and duties that must come before predilection—— What!—are you off? I'm sorry I had to be so outspoken; but you must see it was wisest—for the best—Good-night, Tom."

Thus Tom Osmond was repudiated by the father before he had dared to lay bare his mind to the daughter.

The summer fast fleeted by; already the waning season had blotched tree and hedgerow with deeper tints. On the undulating downs above Combe Travis, frequet tussocks of long coarse grass flecked with brown patches the short, springy turf; the sweet scent of heath and wild thyme traveled on the breeze; the brake waved cool and green as ever. Gray turrets of weather-stained granite—gaunt defences—edged the downs; in their niches grew wax-like bunches of bleached and parched sea-thrift.

To seaward, the lazy waters slept unruffled. The ships making for the entrance to the Sound lay becalmed, their spread sails flapping idly. Only the swift-moving steamers, trailing lengthening clouds of their thick reek across the horizon, disturbed with incongruous energy the quiet and repose of the day.

Over the hillock, close under the pinnacled cliffs, stood Eva Pentreath and Tom Osmond. It was not a clandestine meeting, as Tom had not been forbidden Eva's society. Mr. Pentreath's prudence and insight into human nature would not permit him to go to that extreme. No; they met as a matter of course; it was part of their existence, part of the routine of life with them. The downs had been their rendezvous in childhood; and after Tom left college, the companionship had been renewed, naturally and mutually, as though it had never been intermitted.

Neither had spoken for some time. Eva's ringing laugh and sunny glances were held in abeyance. She stood there—a slight, girlish figure—her head down-bent, so that the broad-brimmed hat hid the pretty face beneath it.

Presently, she looked up. For a moment, her eyes wandered from the little town, snuggled down by the cove, to the distant Tor, and finally rested upon the chalk-white road that wound in the coast curve towards Plymouth.

"I can scarcely bring myself to believe it," she said at length. "Have you really made up your mind to go?"

"Yes," replied Tom. "I have engaged a berth on the "Mercia," which sails for Melbourne on Friday. I only regret I didn't accept my uncle's offer when it was held out to me years ago. You see, I've done no good here; and I might have settled down to work, and have been of some use out there."

"I'm sorry, Tom," Eva said, in low tones. "How we shall miss you!"

"Will you miss me?" asked Tom, taken aback at his own boldness.

"Of course I shall. No more walks together; no more delightful scamperings over the moor; no more—— Why, I shall be dreadfully dull without you."

"Yes, at first, perhaps; it will be quieter—for—you," replied the young fellow, the light dying from his eyes.

"But you will come back?" Eva put in quickly. "You are not going away for ever?"

"I hope not," Tom said sadly. "I may be away two years, five years, ten years; I don't know how long. But I shall come back, Eva—if there's anything to come back for." He looked at her keenly.

She dropped her head again, fumbling with the sprig of heather in her hands; but she did not reply.

"You will have changed greatly by that time, Tom hazarded, after the pause.

"Certainly, I shall. I shall be older, perhaps stouter, and most assuredly uglier, Eva answered, the old smile coming into her face once more.—"Don't contradict! You know how I detest a flatterer.—And now, I must go back home, Tom. You will call on father to-night? Then both he and I will wish you good luck and a speedy return."

Before the week was ended, Tom Osmond had left England.

From time to time Mr. Pentreath had tidings from him. Eva was always allowed to read the letters, the more readily as they contained nothing that her father cared to suppress.

They dealt exclusively with Tom's goings and comings, his life and vicissitudes. We rummage through the details to pick out the material points.

The new life was laborious and trying; but Tom made light of hardships; his constitution was sound and vigorous, his thews of steel.

On reaching the up-country "station" of his relative, he had successively been herder, stockman, and shearer, taking the rough with the smooth—and precious little smooth there was, too—till, some eighteen months after his arrival in the colony, he had been promoted to the overseership. In this capacity he had practically sole control and management of the extensive "run," his uncle being now too old to take an active share in the concern; while his cousin—a young fellow of about Tom's own age—was physically unfitted for the more arduous duties of supervision. Tom's later letters dwelt upon the varying health of his uncle, and hinted—hinted vaguely only—at the possibility of the ranch being handed over to the two younger men in partnership. It may as well be known in this place that Tom never became a partner.

In the meantime, one or two events which it is necessary to chronicle had come to pass in Combe Travis. In the first place, Sir Everard Malton, having taken a lease of Combe Park, had moved into residence there; in the next place, he and Mr. Pentreath became close cronies; and in the third place, Sir Everard's son, Harold, bade fair to fill up the hiatus in Eva's content caused by Tom Osmond's departure. Before Harold Malton came,

Eva was just about sick of Combe Travis—sick and bored. But now her megrims fled; her vivacity and spirits returned with something of their old abandon. The mad races over the downs, the moorland walks, the fishing and shooting excursions, were again to the fore, Harold as trusty escort.

Mr. Pentreath was content to let things slide; no need to spur a willing horse. Noting with approval, he remained passive. But observant as he was, one little incident never came within his ken. It occurred after one of the aforesaid gallops. For the last half-hour Eva had felt that the avowal was in the air; with diplomatic adroitness she had so far staved it off. While riding along the narrow, high-banked lane that led homeward, however, Harold leaned over his saddle and spoke. In a jumble of words he blurted it all out.

"Harold," Eva replied softly, "you must have understood that I did not want you to say that."

"But you will give me an answer?" he rejoined anxiously. "Is there any reason why I should not have——"

"There is a reason," Eva interrupted. "I will tell it you when the horses are stabled. Please, do not say anything more now."

They rode the rest of the way in strained silence.

"Now," Eva said, when the horses were given into the groom's charge, "will you come with me?"

She went into the house and up the stairs, Harold followed, wondering. Stopping at one of the doors, she opened it and passed in.

"This is my sanctum—my boudoir, museum, and library, all in one.—Yes," as Harold hesitated on the threshold—"yes, you may come in."

The room was attractively furnished and decorated. In one corner stood an open bookcase, crammed with daintily bound volumes; and on the opposite side of the window a buhl table was covered with knick-knacks and curios that had been picked up abroad. Raised above these gewgaws, in the middle of the table, a frame of silver filigree-work held a small photograph.

Harold waited for Eva to speak again. At length she turned round, her slight figure in its well-fitting riding habit showing darkly against the window. He could not see her face distinctly.

"I did not know how else to tell you," she said quickly. "It is a confidence that I cannot— I dare not—put into words. But I can trust it to your keeping." Pointing to the photograph, she added: "That is Tom—Mr. Osmond."

Harold walked over and inspected the likeness. "I understand now," he said. "I feared this. Once or twice I have heard Mr. Osmond's name coupled with yours; but your father assured me that the rumor was without foundation. Now I understand that even Mr. Pentreath does not know the truth."

"And you do not think me unfeeling—heartless?"

"Not wittingly. I myself am solely to blame. I have been mistaken; and I will respect your secret. It is safe with me as long as it pleases you to make a secret of it.

"We can still be good friends, Harold?"

"I hope we always shall be," Harold rejoined. "I beg your pardon, Eva, for what I have said, and I pledge myself not to repeat an offence that pains and grieves you."

"Thank you, Harold. You did not know."

To outward seeming, their intimacy continued as heretofore; but essentially there was a difference. Neither of them could have said in what the difference consisted. Maybe a shadow fallen between them—impalpable, yet ever-present—seemed to necessitate a cold, studied courtesy on Harold's part; and on Eva's, a wary restraint, which her father construed in his own way. Maybe it was a shadow; maybe 'twasn't.

Sir Everard and his son were dining at Mr. Pentreath's one evening, when the two older men became engaged in a discussion which monopolised the whole of their attention. Harold contented himself with listening; Eva, sitting opposite him, had been strangely silent all through the dinner. Happening to glance towards her, Harold saw that her eyes were fixed upon him. She dropped her gaze, a vivid flush burning her cheeks, and tried to cover her confusion by asking some trivial question. He replied in a matter-of-fact way that belied the tremulous beating of his heart.

In the drawing-room the debate waxed hotter, and to settle a disputed point it became necessary to refer to a book in the library. Harold volunteered to fetch the volume. On his way down-stairs he passed Eva's boudoir, the door of which was half open. There was a light inside. Stealthily, as if he were in the act of committing a heinous crime—as indeed he was—Harold peered in. He started violently. Then, marching boldly forward, he strode up to the buhl table. Tom Osmond's portrait was gone. In its stead, that of Harold himself stared out from the frame of Indian metal-work.

"My promise!" he ejaculated. "Never to speak of that again so long as it annoys or pains her. So long! Does she not now absolve me? Would it pain her now?"

* * * * * *

Nearly three years had gone since Tom Osmond left England, and three more months passed before his last letter reached Mr. Pentreath. That gentleman read the missive from end to end in his usual thorough and methodical fashion. This done, he leaned back and ruminated.

"Uncle and cousin both dead! Tom heir to his relative's wealth and property—a quarter of a million, I've been told. A tidy sum—a tidy sum. Tom's a lucky fellow. I'm glad for the lad's sake; I always did like Tom. But how's this he finishes his letter?—'I have almost completed the arrangement of my aunt's affairs, and I have already engaged a passage for Plymouth by the Vulcan. Again I will ask you a certain question. What will be your answer?' Umph—umph! Perhaps I'd better not let Eva read this. Ah, well, well."

Eva never did read that letter, for there and then her father tore it up and flung the shreds upon the fire.

* * * * * *

The "Vulcan" steamed slowly up the Sound, past the breakwater. Her passengers, thronging the deck, hungered to get ashore and greet their friends. Apart from the rest stood Tom Osmond, bronze-visaged, the lines around his mouth deeper, and perhaps harsher, but otherwise little altered from the Tom Osmond of bygone days.

"I wonder if they'll be here to meet me?" he thought. "No; that's expecting rather too much. Still, they might; I hope she will. How she would have teased if she could but have seen me in my beard. Ha, ha! However, that's gone, and I flatter myself I look something like a civilised being again. Why, there she is at the end of the quay! I'll swear that's her blue dress, and—— Pshaw! What am I thinking about? She'll have cast that aside years ago. No; that's not Eva."

Neither that nor any other. Tom landed amid a crowd of hustling strangers. Not a friend to meet him. He knew not one, nor was he known by any. Stay; there was one who recognized him; it was old Bilstow, Mr. Pentreath's gardener.

"If you hain't Mr. Tom, I'm grievous mistook," he said.

"Why, Bilstow," cried Tom, "how are you, and how are they all at Combe Travis?"

"Oh, main gay an'. spruce, Mr. Tom. I've just come fro' the weddin'—a fine un too—up at St. Andrew's."

"The wedding?"

"Ay; Sir Everard's son, Harold, an' Miss Eva. They've just gone to the station. They're a-goin' to spend the honeymoon in Wales som'eres. Hear that whistle? That's their train, I'll be boun'. A bonnie couple they looked an' all. Ay, but everybody'll be glad to see you again, Mr. Tom."

Tom felt a choking sensation at his throat; and his heart sunk. And this was his welcome home.

THE HIGHLAND BAGPIPE.

A short time ago, a newspaper, in describing a march past of a Highland Volunteer brigade, stated that seventy-nine pipers formed the band, and played the men past. With the exception of Prince Charlie's hundred pipers an' a', an' a', this is probably the greatest number of men ever forming a band of pipers. It may be that the seventy-nine pipers was a printer's mistake on the part of the newspaper in question for "Seventy-ninth" pipers—that is, the pipers from the Seventy-ninth Regiment.

Although Byron and Scott in stirring lines have told of the power of the mountain music, a very considerable number of the admirers of these two poets, while alive to the beauty of the language describing the "Camerons" Gathering," would scarcely care to concede any merit to the pipes save that of producing the most ear-piercing discord. It seems somehow the lot of men and things which call forth from many the most enthusiastic admiration, to be the butt of depreciation equally vigorous. The aversion which Englishmen have to the bagpipe is due chiefly to that prejudice, half affected, half real, which causes John Bull to deny the existence of any good thing north of the Tweed. In passing judgment on the pipes, a very high standard is in vogue. The national instrument is supposed to possess a capability to accompany the drawing-room singer when the piano is out of tune, a task which it must be admitted is somewhat too onerous for an instrument especially adapted for military uses. Had the bugle or the drum been of Scotch origin, doubtless, they, too, would have been consigned to the category of things deserving a qualified opinion. It is not assuming too much to suppose that the English are sufficiently a music-loving race to have spared the violin such treatment if it had come from over the Border.

Though now associated with Scotland, the bagpipe is an instrument of great antiquity, and was known long ago to some Indian races, also to the Italians and Bretons. It appears to have reached its most popular development, from the musical and utilitarian view, in the case of the Highland bagpipe. The groundwork of the instrument is, as the name implies, a bag of skins sewn together, and of course perfectly air-tight. This condition is aided by the use of treacle, which is poured into the bag and allowed to soak well into it. Into the bag are fitted five wooden stocks, generally of cocus or ebony. These stocks in their turn hold the three drones, the chanter, and the mouth-piece—the chanter being perforated by the note-holes, while the mouth-piece is used for filling the bag. Each of the dronepipes, and the chanter, is fitted with reeds made of Spanish cane, contrary to the general impression, which imagines the chanter to be a kind of flute, and the drones hollow sticks.

It is not assuming too much to claim for Highland music that it has produced tunes more eminently fitted for marching than the music of any other nation. Most of us at some time or other have come across a Highland regiment on the march. Who does not know the roll of the distant drums, and mingling with it that prolonged drone, which gradually resolves itself into some old familiar tune, composed long ago to celebrate some bloody clan raid, such, for instance, as the Pibroch of Donuil Dhu? To the Scotsman, there is never any mistaking that sound; and though we may be nineteenth-century individuals with tall hats and black coats, we can't help going just a little way, and keeping step also. The pulse beats just a little quicker, and, despite all cheap sneers, the memory of a thousand years is a little more real than might have been expected. If an impartial observer should take such an occasion as this, he will notice that there is a swing and a go about a Highland regiment, quite peculiar to itself, and due in great measure to the music of the pipes.

The swing of the sporrans and the waving of the kilts may add to the effect, and indeed such a sight would be difficult to beat; but watch the same body of men in tartan trews and white shell jackets, and you will see the same swing. It is not the easy gait of the jack tars when under arms, nor the quick, sharp, precise step of an ordinary line regiment. It is a something born of the music, hard to account for, but nevertheless very apparent.

Another reason why the pipes get such scant sympathy is, that very often acquaintance with pipe-playing is brought about by that parody of the Celt, the Whitechapel Highlander. This gentleman perambulates the streets of many of our great towns in a guise which betrays evidence of having been procured at a cast-off clothing establishment. It is indeed a revelation to see one of these fellows in an old 93d Highlander's kilt with a Royal Stuart plaid and a tremendous belt, possessing a buckle about the size of a large dinner-plate. The sporran, too, is, to say the least, terrific; while, to complete this motley ragshop, the worthy carries an old cavalry sword in place of a Highland claymore. The sword dance with which he favors his street audiences would do equally well for a hornpipe or an Irish jig. These good fellows hunt in couples, one to dance, and one to play.

Occasionally they favor a crowd with a grand military march; but this by the way. The whole array is more than likely to be the property of some enterprising person, who rigs up a number of these men, after giving them a few lessons on the chanter, and sends them out to annoy decent people by their efforts to squeeze out—it can be called by no other name—the "Barren Rocks of Aden" or the "March of the Athole Men. Their performances are always wound up by the Reel of Tulloch.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE SMALLEST TREE IN THE WORLD.—The distinction belongs to the Greenland birch. Its height is less than three inches, yet it covers a radius of two or three feet.

TURTLES.—It is no unusual thing for a turtle to lay as many as one hundred and twenty-five eggs, although from sixty to one hundred eggs is a more usual "lay."

IN PARIS.—The most productive market-gardens in the neighborhood of Paris are where the gardeners hire the right to put soil upon a piece of barren land, providing in their lease for the right to take away the soil after they give up the occupancy.

FAGGOT PARTIES.—Faggot parties are a new entertainment in Tucson, Arizona Territory. Each invited guest brings a stick of wood and burns it in the fireplace while he tells a story. All the wood that is left over goes into the family wood pile.

PROBABILITIES OF LIVING.—At twenty years of age a temperate person is supposed to have a chance of living for forty-four years. Should the same person, still living a temperate life, reach the age of sixty, the chances are that he will live fourteen years longer.

POPPIES.—In Turkey, if a man falls asleep in the neighborhood of a poppy-field, and the wind blows from the field toward him, he becomes narcotized, and would die if the country people, who are well acquainted with the circumstances, did not bring him to a well or stream and empty pitcher after pitcher of water on his face and body.

THE SPREAD EAGLE.—The spread eagle signifies an eagle with two heads. Porney tells us the reason why the Emperor of Germany bears an eagle with two heads—viz., "On the union of the kingdom of Romania, its arms, which were an eagle displayed sable, being the same as those of the Emperor, were united into one body, leaving it two wings as they are now. Charlemagne was the first Emperor of Germany, and added the second head to the eagle for his arms."

A REMOTE LETTER BOX.—Cape Horn is a great mass of rock rising abruptly from the sea and forming a small island. Upon one of the ledges of this rock stands a covered barrel, the international letter box of a region more than 500 miles from anything that resembles civilisation. It is the custom of captains passing round the Horn to send a boat ashore at this point if possible, take whatever mail is going in the direction of the vessel, and drop in whatever it is desired shall go in the other direction.

PERFUMES.—There are some perfumes that are very grateful to horses, however little credit a horse may commonly receive for possessing delicacy of scent. Horse-trainers are aware of the fact, and make use of their knowledge in training stubborn and apparently intractable animals. Many trainers have favorite perfumes, the composition of which they keep a secret, and it is the possession of this means of appealing to the horse's æsthetic sense that enables so many of them to accomplish such wonderful results.

SPONGE FISHING.—Fishing for sponges in the Mediterranean is done chiefly by divers, though inferior kinds are got with a trawl. The finest divers are the Greeks, who go for the purpose all over the Mediterranean in their native boats. The industry is very arduous and even dangerous. An average hand can manage twenty fathoms (one hundred and twenty feet), but it takes an exceptionally good man to go down thirty fathoms (one hundred and eighty feet), and thirty-three fathoms is the limit. The pressure of the water at this depth is so great that, in spite of the protection afforded by the dress, some two or three per cent. of the sponge-fishers die annually from the direct effects of the strain.

CHINESE PEERS.—When, on the death of a Chinese peer, an imperial decree has been obtained nominating his successor, it does not follow that that successor can at once assume the title and draw his pay. On the contrary, he is required first of all to go into mourning for his father, grandfather, or uncle, as the case may be. If he is a Manchu he can get this over in a hundred days—for the Manchus were a practical folk, and, though they yielded something to Chinese prejudices, would not yield too much—but if he is a Chinaman he must mourn for twenty-seven months. This was the cause why the late Marquis Tseng did not, though his father died in 1872, take up the title until September, 1874, when he was again called into a second twenty-seven months' mourning for his mother. His mourning over, the new peer should go to Court and be presented to the Emperor. There are, apparently, no succession fees, though the officials of the Boards concerned—the Home Office and the Horse Guards of China—contrive to exact fees on the first issue of a patent. These patents should be made of the best white silk, and on them should be printed a copy of the decree granting the title.

MCTAGGART: "Do you believe in love at first sight?" McKechnie: "It depends upon how much the girl has."

HOME-SICKNESS.

BY M. ROCK.

I am home-sick in the city
For the sounds I used to hear,
For the blackbird's joyous ditty
And the lark's song loud and clear,
For the music of the rills
Rushing down the gorsy hills
Of my old home.

Here the days seem fleeting gaily
O'er a pathway bright with flow'rs;
Mirth and song and laughter daily
Crown the rosy smiling hours;
Time must pass but heavily
Where sad hearts do long for me
In my old home.

And old memories are thronging,
As they surge thro' heart and brain,
And I long with childish longing
For that humble cot again,
Where a loving patient face
Seeketh still my vacant place
In my old home.

IN PERIL'S MIDST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.—(CONTINUED.)

VANE'S head sunk lower. He could see the beautiful face, with its lovely eyes, its straight brows, in the glowing embers, and the mental vision made his heart ache with infinite longing, infinite despair.

"She was not an ordinary girl, mind you. Firm, resolute, unbending, the will that made her fly from you because she did not love you well enough to marry you, would easily uphold her and protect her. She went to an hotel, or found a friend, some Cornish girl in a shop here in London, or in service perhaps, and was at once able to hide herself from us, which, mark you, she would not have been able to do if she had become penniless and friendless. You must admit the strength of my theory. Have't we searched every slum, haven't you visited every hospital, every refuge and in vain?"

Vane hid his face in his hands as the smooth voice recalled to him the hideous sights he had seen during the six weeks' search.

"Depend upon it, that at this very moment, Nora Trevanion is safe and sound, and—forgive me if I add—happy! Yes, Vane if ever a man tortured himself to no purpose you have done so, and, I am sorry to see, are still doing so. I have heard, and read, and seen something of this madness which, out of politeness, we call 'love,' but I have never heard, seen, nor read of such an utterly idiotic case as yours. You have loved her; you wanted to marry her——"

Vane rose and buttoned his coat as if he could not endure any more.

"You mean well, Sen," he said. "You mean well, and you're right enough, I daresay; but—" he paused and his eyes grew vacant, "but I cannot forget her as you want me to do. I cannot forget the the night she clung to me——"

"Carried away for the moment by the torrent of your passion," put in the smooth voice. "I grant you all that; but no sooner did she get out of your arms and into her own room than she saw her mistake, and nobly—Lord how I honor her for it!—nobly resolved to put herself out of your reach. Sit down, old man. Come and dine somewhere with me. I want cheering up to night."

Vane raised his head.

"You! What is the matter?" he said.

Senley Tyers shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, compared with your trouble it does'nt amount to much; but it's big enough for me, confound it! I was right when I gave you a hint the other day about that beastly Bendoza Mine."

"Bendoza Mine?" said Vane, with cold indifference. "What about it? I don't remember your saying anything about it lately."

"My dear fellow, you must have been wool-gathering and paid no attention," said Senley Tyers in a tone of alarm. "The other night—you remember!—when was it?—I told you the thing looked ugly, and that you ought to sell out. You have, hav'nt you?"

Vane shook his head.

"No."!

Senley Tyers sprang from his chair with admirably simulated dismay and horror.

"Good heavens! my dear fellow, the—the cursed thing has gone to smash! I've lost every penny and you——?"

Vane nodded with the same lifeless indifference.

"I suppose so," he said absently, "I don't remember your saying anything about selling out——Oh, I don't say you did'nt; of course you did. It doesn't matter,

"Not matter."

Vane put on his hat and laughed—a laugh that ought to have filled the hearer with remorse.

"Nothing matters now," he said. "If you were to tell me that the world was coming to smash to-night, I should'nt care. Yes, I should," he added to himself, as he went with slow dragging step to the door, "for I should meet her in some other world to morrow, and know then, whether she ever loved me." He turned at the door and looked back with the absent, vacant expression in his eyes. "I am going on a tramp again this evening. Good-night.

* * * * * *

That night, when Vane sallied forth to search the slums of London once more, as he had searched Trelorne, and Scotland, and elsewhere, Nora was seated in a big, cosy drawing room of the Lesters' house in Elm square. A huge fire was burning in the old fashioned fire-place, a large shaded lamp stood on the table, the fragrant aroma of the after-dinner coffee floated through the room; the whole apartment was eloquent of comfort, and Nora, as she sat in a low chair beside Milly's couch, holding the girl's small hand in hers, glanced around now and again as if to assure herself that she was not the victim of an unsubstantial dream.

Long before they had reached Elm square from Scotland she had learned to return the love which the crippled girl had so impetously offered her. Milly Lester's heart was of pure gold; and if Nora had been a long lost sister, miraculously restored to her, she could not have lavished her love and tenderness more freely upon the homeless and helpless girl.

She asked no questions, nor did Mr. Lester; and though Nora often longed to confide in them and tell them her strange history, she did not dare to do so. How long would Mr. Lester have allowed Milly's hand to rest in hers if he should know the story of "Ernest Mortimer," was the question that always rose in her mind whenever she felt tempted to tell them all. Milly's love had become too precious for her to run the risk of losing it.

This evening, as on many others, the two girls sat talking together, while Mr. Lester stayed behind in the dining-room to drink a couple of glasses of port, a legal allowance which he never fell short of, or exceeded.

Milly lay back on the couch, and Nora sat beside her, and as they talked Milly would now and again put her arm round Nora's neck, or smooth the still short curls of soft black hair.

"You never told me why you cut off your hair, dear," she said. "Was it because of a fever?"

Nora shook her head, and a faint color came into her face, which had grown less pale and thin day by day, and was now, though sometimes sad, no longer worn and anxious.

"No, Milly," she replied, and something in her tone warned Milly that she was nearing the forbidden ground of her friend's past history.

"Never mind," she said quickly, and making a caress of the touch of her hand. "It will soon be long again, I can see it growing day by day; and what beautiful hair it is!"

Nora smothered a sigh. Someone else also had called it beautiful and regretted its shortness.

"It is not nearly so beautiful as your own, which is like floss silk," she said.

Milly laughed.

"You have picked that up from papa. He is always talking about my floss silk. Do you really think it pretty? But there, you are sure to say yes. Everyone thinks it his and her duty to say nice things to me, whether they mean them or not."

"I mean all I say," said Nora in her quiet but downright fashion.

"I know you do, dear, and that is why I love you," responded Milly, her large eyes resting tenderly upon Nora's face. "Papa says that you are the most truthful person he ever met; and you know he never makes a mistake."

Nora sighed.

"Mr. Lester has been very kind—too kind to me," s e said.

Milly laughed the assertion to scorn.

"No one could be that," she said emphatically. "And now, dear, shall we look at our lesson? We shall just have time before papa wakes from his doze and comes in trying to look as if he hadn't been asleep."

Nora took up a book from the table and read aloud, and Milly, holding her hand, listened with half closed eyes, murmuring a correction now and again, but not very frequently, for Nora had made giant strides since Milly had helped her. Milly had been surprised when Nora had confessed that she was only then learning to read and write, but with the truest tact the kind hearted girl had declared that she was glad of Nora's ignorance, and that it would afford her the best of all amusement to help. So that every spare hour, when they were not riding in the big barouche drawn by a pair of fat, sleepy cobs, or walking—Milly rode in her chair—in the square, the two girls spent, the one in learning, the other in teaching.

"How quick you are!" said Milly, "and how few mistakes you make, and when you do, somehow, it seems not to be a mistake; and your way of pronouncing is better that mine; that's because your voice is so good. Papa says that the voice is the truest test of refinement, and, of course, he is right. You would never get a common person to talk like a lady. I mean in the same voice."

"But I am a common, quite a common person," said Nora with a smile.

Milly laughed and shook her head on the satin cushion.

"That is not true at any rate, Nora," she said. "But, never mind, go on. What a pretty story it is! I love love stories, don't you? I suppose this is because I shall never know what love—that kind of love—means. We all like to hear about the unknown and mysterious." She sighed a little but not discontentedly, and after a pause went on in a soft, half-sleepy voice, "Do you believe that men and women ever love as the people who write books say they do?"

"I don't know," replied Nora in a low voice and with dreamy eyes,

"For instance, the heroine of the story you have been reading goes through fire and water for the sake of the man she loves. Do you think you could do that?"

Nora started slightly and bent over the book.

"Yes," she said reluctantly, "I think so."

Milly opened her eyes and looked at her musingly.

"Yes, I think you could," she said. "You have got just the face and eyes these novel people have. Do you know, Nora dear, that while you have been reading I have been imagining you as the heroine? I used to try and put myself in the place of the girl in the stories, but it's easier to put you there. Are you laughing at me as usual?"

"Just a little," said Nora with a smile.

"Well, you may if you like; I don't mind. No, you shan't read any more. Help me to the piano and I will play for you to sing. That will bring papa in; he always comes in when he hears your voice."

Nora took the slight form up in her arms and carried it to the specially constructed music chair of the piano, and Milly struck a few chords and began the accompaniment. She played exquisitely, with the most delicate and unerring sympathy, and Nora, who had at first shrunk from singing, had quickly grown accustomed to doing so.

She had not been singing very long before the drawing-room door opened and Mr. Lester came in. He stood for a moment looking at the two girls, at Nora rather thoughtfully; then he crossed to the fireplace, and with his hands behind his back, stared as thoughtfully at the carpet as if he were working out a difficult problem. When the song was finished he clapped his hands gently.

"Bravo, bravo! Your voice gets stronger every day, Miss Nora," he said.

"That's because she gets stronger herself," said Milly promptly, and with an affectionate nod to Nora. "She can lift me now as easily as you can, papa; can't you?"

"Not quite," said Nora with a smile, "but I am stronger and better. And I should be very ungrateful if I were not," she added in a low voice.

Mr. Lester knitted his brows and looked from her to Milly.

"You two seem very happy together," he said, and inconsequential as the remark seemed, there was something in his manner of making it which caused both girls to look at him expectantly.

"Of course we are," said Milly; "we are like two sisters—only more so. We have sworn an eternal friendship, haven't we, Nora? At least, I have done all the swearing, for Nora isn't one of the demonstrative sort. Happy! I'm happy at any rate. Why think of it, papa! You know—or rather you don't know—how dull it used to be for me; and now I have always someone to keep me company; and you don't know what capital company Nora is; she isn't always so quiet as she is when you are present. I think you are just a little afraid of him, aren't you, dear.

"A little, perhaps," with a smile that belied her words.

Milly laughed.

"You can't think how nice it is to have someone to drive out with, to walk beside me in the Square, to sit and talk with; and best of all—to love.

Her sweet voice dropped and she held out her arms to Nora.

"Carry me back dear!"

Mr. Lester strode forward and took her up in his arms.

"I meant Nora," she said, with gentle wilfulness.

"I know, dear," he said. "But you must put up with clumsy me, sometimes. Why"——he paused as he arranged her pillow, and seating himself stroked her hair, "why, suppose anything should happen to tear Nora from you."

Milly interrupted with a laugh.

"That would be dreadful—so dreadful that it couldn't happen—could it, Nora?"

"No," said Nora, in her direct fashion.

Mr. Lester looked at her under his bent brows.

"Don't be too sure," he said gravely.

Nora, quick to take alarm, turned pale, and looked from one to the other, and Milly raised her head with an anxious expression in her large eyes.

"What do you mean, papa?" she demanded.

Mr. Lester laid his hand upon her arm soothingly.

"Don't get excited, dear; all sorts of things might happen to separate you."

Milly's breath came fast, and she looked appealingly at Nora.

"But—she has promised me," she said; "she has promised never to leave me unless she married, and she says that will never be," she added artlessly.

"I was not thinking of marriage," he said, still soothingly; "but of some other contingencies."

Milly dropped back in the cushions.

"What a long word! Lawyers love long words, don't they, papa! Contingencies! As if we quiet people—buried away in Elm square—knew anything about contingencies! Don't pay any attention to him, Nora dear. Let us talk about something else. We went shopping to-day, sir, and you will have some tremendous bills to pay. There were such lovely things, and I bought ever so much. I should have bought more if it hadn't been for Nora's example and precepts. You have no idea how economical she is!

Nora laughed.

"Milly forgets I have not a rich papa," she said.

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Milly. "He is both our papa—how funny that sounds, doesn't it!—but you know what it means. You've no idea how proud she is, papa. I wanted to give her a set of furs to-day, and she actually refused to accept them. That isn't behaving like a sister, is it? I had to read her a lecture on improper pride all the way home; but I don't believe it has done her any good. Now, if she had offered to give me a set of furs I should have taken them at once, and kissed her a 'thank you.' What is the good of having a sister if you can't give her presents? It's the principal thing a sister is made for."

Mr. Lester patted the thin restless hand, while a thoughtful and rather troubled expression settled on his face.

"Why did you not take the furs?" he asked, rather more gravely than the affair seemed to warrant.

Nora colored and laughed.

"They were fit for a princess," she said. "Milly has to be reminded about twice a day that I am very poor."

"And proud—wickedly proud," put in Milly, with gentle vehemence.

"You shall buy the furs for yourself to-morrow," said Mr. Lester with an intent gaze.

Nora shrank a little.

"Indeed, indeed, I do not want them," she said. "You must not take any notice of what Milly says. We never go out but she wants to buy me something, something quite unsuited to—to a poor girl."

Mr. Lester rose as if spurred by some mental uneasiness.

"There! Now you have offended papa,"

exclaimed Milly with mock reproach; but Nora took it seriously, and, her color coming and going, said falteringly—

"Oh, no, no!"

Mr. Lester stepped in front of her and took her hand.

"You are quite right, Nora," he said. "You have not offended me; but—your words have filled me with self-reproach."

Both girls stared at him. His usually calm, grave face showed evident signs of agitation; and his manner was anxious and deprecatory.

"My dear Miss Trevanion," he said, "I have played a most unworthy part."

Nora stood silent and surprised.

"Papa!" exclaimed Milly.

Mr. Lester glanced at her.

"And yet I have been able to lay the flattering unction to my soul that I was not altogether unwarranted in acting as I have done. It was but a surmise—a guess—nothing tangible. Even now I do not know, actually know, that——"

A knock came to the door, and both girls started; but not so distinctly as did the ordinarily calm lawyer. The servant entered. "Mr. Jones, sir," he said.

"Mr. Jones! That's papa's confidential clerk," said Milly. "He never comes here unless there is important business, and now the stupid man has come just at the wrong moment. Send him away, papa, or let him wait until you have told us what you mean. Don't you see that you have frightened both of us?"

Mr. Lester stood for a moment uncertain, then he said—

"Mr. Jones has come at the right moment. Show him in, please."

Milly pouted, and held out her hand to Nora, who took it and sank on the couch beside her. Mr. Lester's words had filled her with alarm. Had he learned her history—the story of "Ernest Mortimer"—and was he going to send her away?

A middle-aged man, with "clerk" written all over him, entered, and looked rather surprised at finding the two young ladies present, but bowed respectfully to Milly, and stood waiting with his black bag in his hand.

"You have just returned, Mr. Jones?" said Mr. Lester. "I did not expect you until to-morrow or the day after."

"I got the information and proof sooner than I expected, sir," said Mr. Jones, "and as I know you were anxious I came on straight here."

"Quite right," said Mr. Lester. "Take a seat. You may speak quite freely before the young ladies."

Mr. Jones again looked respectfully surprised; but took some papers from the bag and spread one of them out.

"Wild place down there, sir," he said, as a kind of preliminary. "Vale Hall's right enough, as magnificent a residence as you'd wish to see, but set in the most outlandish country; why, the very names are enough to frighten you: Garth's Hollow, Trelorne—like 'forlorn,' isn't it?—the Witch's Cauldron——" He stopped short, for Nora with a faint cry had risen, and stood looking from one to the other. Was she dreaming, or had Mr. Jones actually repeated those well-known names?

Mr. Lester signed to her to resume her seat, and she did so, sitting with clasped hands and fast-coming breath.

"Go on," said Mr. Lester gravely to the clerk. "You found the will all right?"

"Quite right, sir," said Mr. Jones, at once falling into the dry legal tone. "The late Mr. Ruben Vale's lawyer is quite a capable gentleman, quite; and everything was in order. The estates are immense, and there is a large sum of money."

"The estates are large," repeated Mr. Lester, as if he wished the two girls to mark and understand.

"Yes sir. It is a tremendous fortune. I don't suppose the late Mr. Vale knew the extent of his possessions. And the estate, valuable as it is now, will still be more so presently, for they are finding fresh minerals—iodes, I think they call it—every year, and the whole goes to the daughter. The trouble is at present, the heir can't be found. It's a most extraordinary story, sir; most extraordinary. Very few persons knew Mr. Vale was ever married. It seems that there was some sort of scandal. The lady was supposed to have run away with a gentleman, a friend of Mr. Vale's; and Mr. Vale believed this to be the case until within a few hours of his death."

There was a pause during which Nora sat perfectly motionless, her eyes fixed on the thin, shrewd face of the lawyer's clerk. Mr. Lester glanced at her watchingly and somewhat anxiously, and Milly slid her arm around Nora's waist and held her tightly. Both girls knew that something portentous was foreshadowed by Mr. Lester's manner and the clerk's opening statement.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"It seems, continued Mr. Jones, "that a few hours before his death Mr. Vale received a letter; I have a copy of it here. It was, of course, found amongst his papers. It's too long to read at present, and I'll summarise it——"

"Do," said Mr. Lester. He looked at Nora as he spoke, and signed her to remain calm.

"The letter was from a sister of Mr. Vale's wife, and it told him the true story of his wife's flight. She did not run away with the gentlemen, but fled to this sister. I'm afraid Mr. Vale was rather of a suspicious and jealous temperament, and the poor lady hadn't the happiest of lives with him. Anyway, she fled to this sister, and while living under this sister's roof the poor lady gave birth to a daughter and soon after died."

Mr. Lester inclined his head, still watching Nora.

"Now anyone would think that Mrs. Vale's sister would have at once gone to Mr. Vale and delivered up the child to him and explained his wife's innocence; but the lady happened to be extremely—well, proud, I suppose you must call it; and determined to keep this child's existence secret, and bring up the little girl herself. She lived in London for some years, and then she lost her money and fell on hard times, and she went down into the West country and lived in a queer kind of cottage, near Vale Hall at a place called Witch's Cauldron."

Nora began to tremble and her hands writhed together.

"There she lived under an assumed name, and got her living by smuggling so they say, though I don't believe it; and the girl, grown up by this time, helped her. Well, one day Mrs. Trevanion.—"

Nora pressed her hand to her lips to keep back the cry which rose. It was of her aunt and herself, then, that this man was speaking!

"——Made up her mind to leave England and take her niece with her. She sent the young lady on a message to Trelorne by boat, and the boat got upset, and, so the report goes, the young lady was drowned. But her death has never been proved, and the sailors and fishermen I talked with openly declare that if the girl had been washed overboard her body must have been recovered, either by the men along shore or by one of the fishing boats at sea. Do you follow me, sir."

"Quite," said Mr. Lester. He rose as he spoke, and tilted the lamp shade so that it screened Nora's face, now white and expressive of dread and excitement.

"This is a matter of some importance, you see, sir, because enclosed in the letter of Mrs. Trevanion was indisputable evidence of the young lady's birth and identity, and so convinced was Mr. Ruben Vale of the truth of this statement, and his wife's innocence, that he sat down there and then made a will, leaving the whole of his estates and every penny of his money to his daughter, and that there might be no miscarriage of his intentions, he actually named her by the name her aunt had assumed." He referred to a copy of the will. "Here are the words: 'My daughter, the child of my wife, Adelaide Vale, lately living with her aunt, Mrs. Trevanion, and known as Nora Trevanion.'"

The room seemed to rise and fall before Nora's burning eyes, and her breath came in quick gasps.

"Clever man, Mr. Vale, sir!" said Mr. Jones with lawyer-like appreciation. "He was determined not to give us much work. Naming and describing the young lady, as well as calling her his daughter, didn't leave anyone a loophole for disputing her identity; and I must say that it will be a great pity if her death can be proved. I fancy she must be one of the richest young ladies in England—that is, if she is alive; and the fishermen at Trelorne seem to think so. There is a rumor that on the night the boat was found bottom upwards on the shore a stranger in sailor's clothes was seen and spoken to, and that he was about the size and build of this young lady. But this is a clue I can follow up if you wish it."

Mr. Lester rose.

"I will consider the matter, and let you know Jones. You will have some supper before you go? I will see you in the dining-room in a few minutes. One moment. The young lady's aunt, Mrs. Trevanion, where is she?"

"In Melbourne. I wrote her, asking her to cable a reply. She confirms her letter, and that is all. I fancy that she is what you would call a strong-minded lady; and that whether the niece, Miss Trevanion—or Miss Vale, as she really is—is found or not, Mr. Trevanion would not return to England. The first thing to do now, I take it, sir, is to discover whether Nora Trevanion was drowned or not. If not, then"—he tied the tape round his neatly-folded papers and smiled—"then the sooner she is found and informed that she is a millionairess the better."

"Quite so. You have conducted this inquiry very well, Mr. Jones."

The clerk looked gratified.

"Thank you, sir. You put me on the right track, and the rest wasn't difficult. Good evening, Milly—good evening, miss!" and, with a respectful bow to both girls, he left the room.

Nora rose, trembling in every limb, her face pale, a strange, intent look in her dark eyes, which seemed to see nothing—not even Mr. Lester, who approached her and took her hand.

"Is it as I expected?" he asked in a low, kindly voice. "You are Nora Trevanion—that is, Nora Vale, are you not?"

Nora's silence was answer enough.

Milly uttered a cry of amazement, and something like disappointment and alarm.

"Oh, no, no!" she exclaimed, holding out her arms.

The cry; the appealing gesture broke up Nora's unnatural stupor, and with an answering cry she turned and gathered the girl to her bosom, and hid her face on her shoulder.

Mr. Lester soothed them both.

"Come, come!" he said with a smile, "that is a singular mode of congratulating a friend on her acquisition of vast wealth, my dear."

"Vast wealth!" sobbed Milly almost indignantly. "She doesn't want it, do you, dear? And—and—you forget that I shall lose her now. Oh, it was perfectly cruel of you, papa, to ferret all this out. We were so happy! And now you—and that wretched Mr. Jones—have spoilt it all! Then how did you know, when did you first come to think that Nora was this grand personage?" she added with pretty petulance.

Mr. Lester gently patted Nora's shoulder.

"Mr. Vale's lawyer—for whom I do some work sometimes—told me the story of Mr. Vale's death and the purport of his will. The name 'Nora Trevanion' lingered in my memory, and when Nora, here told me her name the other day it flashed upon me that she might be the missing heiress. I said nothing then, but set Mr. Jones to work. I ought to have spoken at once, but—but—well, Milly, I was as loath to lose her as you are!"

"I should think so!" said Milly. "How clever you are, papa! But—but I wish you hadn't had quite such a good memory, or poor Nora had given another name."

"'Poor' Nora!" said Mr. Lester with a smile.

"Yes, poor, dear girl!" retorted Milly, pressing Nora to her. "Don't you see how terribly upset she is? Oh, do go away, papa, and leave us alone!"

Mr. Lester took this broad hint and left them, and Milly raised Nora's face and looked into her dark eyes.

"Oh, dear, I am so glad, though I am sorry!" she murmured. "Think of it! A millionairess? After all, it must be nice, it must be grand to be so very rich! To have a big house, immense estates, vast sums of money—wasn't that what Mr. Jones said? Why don't you smile, Nora? Why, you look as sad as ever! Aren't you glad all this good fortune has come, dearest?"

Nora opened her lips.

"Yes," she said, but a sigh followed the words.

"You say 'yes,' but your eyes say 'no,'" persisted Milly. "Why—why, Nora?"

"Must I tell you?" replied Nora, with a smile that was more sorrowful than a flood of tears. "Must I, Milly? It is because it has come too late!"

"Too late!" The words echoed in her heart as she lay awake through the long night, thinking of her "good fortune." Ah, yes, it would have been good fortune indeed if it had come when first she knew Vane Tempest, and before the fatal step which had put her beyond the pale of society, and made her—as Senley Tyers had put it—a leper! Of what use or value was this immense wealth to her, now that she had lost him for ever? All the gold, all the land in the world was not deep enough to bury the remembrance of "Ernest Mortimer."

She rose, pale and listless, with a strange look in her eyes, and went down to breakfast, to find Milly awaiting her in a state of suppressed excitement.

"You haven't slept a wink, I can see," she said; "and neither have I, and I rather think papa hasn't either. He has gone off to see Mr. Vale's London lawyer. He says—papa says, I mean—that there may be a fight for it, that the next heir may dispute your identity. Papa did tell his name, a Mr.—Mr.—but I've forgotten it. Perhaps I shan't lose you after all, dear," and her eyes filled with tears.

Nora bent and kissed her.

"Whether I am rich and poor you need not lose me unless you wish to, Milly," she said. "If I am obliged to go to Vale Hall you shall come and live with me, or perhaps I can take a house in London."

Milly clapped her hands.

"You mean it? Go to this grand place of yours? Oh, how beautiful! You see, I can't walk about like other people, I—I am so helpless."

"Not so helpless as the poor homeless girl you fed and took as a friend a little while ago, Milly," said Nora in a low voice. "No, dear, you and I won't part, even if all this money should prove to be mine. Why," her face worked, and she threatened tears for a moment, but conquered them bravely, "why, Milly, excepting for you and your father I haven't a friend in the wide, wide world; and so you see but for you I should still be very poor instead of very rich."

They were not kept long in suspense, for two days later Mr. Lester came in to dinner with a tranquil smile on his face, which had been rather grave and anxious for the last forty-eight hours.

"It's all settled, Nora," he said.

She raised her eyes calmly.

"Yes," she said it as if, as Milly declared, a five-pound note were at stake, instead of a million.

Mr. Lester nodded.

"Yes. I have just come from an interview with the late Mr. Vale's lawyer and the legal adviser of the next-of-kin, the gentleman who would get all this money if Mr. Vale had not willed it to you. They were quite satisfied with our evidence, and gave in at once—well, in almost at once. I daresay Mr. Brown, that is Mr. Tempest's lawyer——"

Nora started and turned pale.

"Mr. Tempest?" she echoed.

Neither Mr. Lester or Milly, who was intently listening to her father, noticed the start, the sudden pallor, and the strained voice.

"Yes, Mr. Tempest—Mr. Vane Tempest. He is the next-of kin on his mother's side. She was Mr. Vale's sister; but I needn't confuse you with all that. The point is that his lawyer sent him a full account of our claim and asked him to come and confer with him, at the same time telling him that we had a strong case. This Mr. Tempest must be a strange young gentleman, for he wrote a line, a pencilled line on a half-sheet of note-paper, to the effect that the lawyer was to take no steps to resist our claim; in fact, yielding the whole estate to us without even a protest."

Nora sat pale and silent.

"You don't seem very much gratified, my dear," remarked Mr. Lester with a smile. "He might have kept us out of the estate for years, and—well, the law is gloriously uncertain—perhaps for ever."

Nora could find no words, not even the common place ones Mr. Lester expected, and soon after stole to her room. Vane's name had fallen on her like a thunderbolt; and yet, if she had had time to review the circumstances, she must have remembered his relationship to Ruben Vale. She remembered it all now, and sat stunned by shame and sorrow.

It all seemed plain to her. Rather than meet her again—rather than avail himself of this opportunity of recovering her, he has yielded to her claim.

Yielded without a word—without one kind word! Yes, it was all cruelly plain. He had offered to marry her through motives of pity; he had been glad, not sorry, when she had gone; he had not tried to find her; and now, he welcomed the news of her newly acquired wealth because it relieved him of all responsibility on her account.

In all crowded London, with its manifold miseries and poverty and woe, there was not a more unhappy girl that morning than Nora Trevanion, the heiress of Ruben Vale's vast wealth.

And in his solitary room in St. James'-street, Vane sat moodily smoking a cigar, shivering with the feverish cold which he had got while wandering about the wet streets the preceding night. Beside his elbow on the table was a bulky envelope, containing the lawyer's letter and an account of Reuben Vale's death and will, and the discovery of the heiress.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LET'S GO BACK.

BY W. W. LORD.

From the shadows where we stand,
Let's go back and wander
In the radiant golden light
Of that summer yonder.

Let's go back to days of yore,
From these days of after;
Let's go back to days of bloom,
Music, love and laughter.

Let's go back where roses blow
In the summer weather;
Where the path runs in the sun,
Let's go back together.

Let's go back to nights of peace,
Nights of dream and rest;
For of all the nights since then,
They were nights the best.

No—it is now impossible,
Though our hearts are yearning
To go back to days of old,
There is no returning.

Of One Summer.

BY L. M. W.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

ALL Miss Marchmont's ideas of right and honor rose in arms at such a thought. Her brother-in-law must have taken leave of his senses, and she would take upon herself the duty of setting him right. Possessed of a considerable flow of language, she took him severely to task there and then, and poured out the vials of her wrath upon him. But he did not mind. He shrugged his shoulders a little, and then sat patiently waiting, a smile on his thin lips, until such time as her eloquence should be exhausted.

At last she stopped, more from want of breath than from lack of argument; and then he repeated, politely, but firmly, his former declaration, that he, as the girl's father, had complete authority over her in all matters whatsoever.

Miss Marchmont was momentarily dumfounded by his coolness. Only momentarily, however, for suddenly bending forward in her chair, the light of triumph in her eyes, she exclaimed: "Kilmur Sacharty, you have no such authority. You renounced it entirely on her mother's death—No!" as he opened his lips as if to reply; "you need not trouble to deny the fact, for I have your formal renunciation in black and white at the lawyer's, and by that paper her grandmother and myself are appointed Avice's guardians."

An angry gleam flashed in the dark eyes of the foreigner. "That paper is not binding," he cried fiercely. "In my own land, among my own people, I can snap my fingers at your musty lawyers and their foolish decrees, fit only for the control of slow-blooded Englishmen. We in Malacca do not acknowledge such papers; we do not hold that faith should be kept with infidels."

A scornful smile curled round the corners of the spinster's lip as he said this. "You talk foolishly, Kilmur," she said, rising. "When you come to think the matter over, you will see that I am right."

Apparently, Miss Marchmont was right when she predicted that Kilmur Sacharty would think better of what he had said; for the next morning he waylaid her as she was going down to the beach and humbly apologised for his rash and foolish words. She was more surprised at this, for she knew her brother-in-law to be a man of an intensely proud nature, and for a moment she was inclined to doubt his sincerity. However, his penitence, although somewhat theatrically expressed, seemed real enough; and after giving him a sharply-scrutinising glance, which he bore without flinching, she graciously accorded him the pardon he sought.

"Only I hope, Kilmur," she added impressively, "that you never will entertain such an outrageous idea again. Remember Avice is not in the slightest degree answerable to you, nor have you any power over her." With which warning speech she passed on down to the beach, leaving Kilmur to digest her words at his leisure. Had she seen the look of hatred which passed over her brother-in-law's face as she turned away, she might not have felt so comfortable as she did; but she was thinking of other things, and she did not notice him.

The truth was she had remarked for some time past Humphrey's growing attachment for Avice, and her mind was occupied with the problem, did the girl return his affection, or were her feelings towards him merely friendship? She could not tell. Girls were queer creatures and, Avice in some things was one of the queerest. The only way in which her aunt could judge was by watching her closely when with Humphrey; and even then, she acknowledged with a sigh, it was hard to tell.

Matters were in this state when one morning she received a letter from her sister in Ireland, begging her to come over and help her, as her youngest child was dangerously ill with scarlet fever, and the two elder ones seemed to be sickening of the same fell complaint. She had scarcely finished reading her sister's mournful epistle, written in pencil by the sick child's side, when Kilmur, who was also engaged in pursuing his correspondence glanced up.

"Can you tell me when the next train goes to London?" he inquired. "I find I must go at once to Berlin. I have some business there which requires my immediate attention, and I must go to London first."

A feeling of relief came over Miss Marchmont's heart. If Kilmur were away, she should not mind leaving Avice in Scotland, to pay a long promised visit to some friends, while she herself went to Ireland.

"There is a train about eleven o'clock," broke in Avice's voice before her aunt had time to answer. "You can catch that nicely, I should think."

Evidently her father thought so too; and by five minutes past eleven he was slowly steaming out of the Mark's Cove station, leaving Avice and her aunt to return home and make their own preparations for a speedy departure.

Humphrey pulled a decidedly long face when he heard of their change of plan; "though," as Avice remarked, "it only made two or three days' difference, after all, Miss Marchmont having all along intended leaving on the first."

"And to-morrow will be the twenty-eighth," added the girl by way of consolation.

"Are you really leaving to-morrow, then?" inquired Humphrey anxiously. "So soon as that?"

They were standing by the little green gate, the afternoon sun glinting full upon them when he spoke, and in the soft light Avice looked more beautiful than ever. The thought of parting from her even for a short time was a painful one.

"Yes, really and truly to-morrow," she replied, absently pulling off the petals of the crimson rose at her belt.

Was it fancy, or was there really a sad inflection in the bright voice as she spoke? He could not say, but a sudden impulse made him ask hurriedly: "Are you sorry to go Miss Sacharty? Would you have liked to have stayed?"

Something in his tone startled her, and she drew a step or two back through the little gate as she replied: "Sorry? Well, yes; I am sorry! It has all been so happy, and now it is at an end, and it can never come over again."

Humphrey looked at her in surprise. "What do you mean? he inquired. "What is it that can never come over again?"

"Why, the summer," she returned, coloring under his earnest gaze. "Of course there will be other summers, but then no two are quite alike—do you think so? I always feel that at the end of summer. A year will pass, you see, before the next—and a year is a long time.

Before Humphrey could reply, Miss Marchmont appeared in the doorway. "Come in, Avice, dear—I want your help," she said, nodding kindly to Humphrey. "We have a great deal to do, you know, and Perkins has got one of her bad headaches, and can do nothing."

Avice turned away, not sorry for the interruption. Humphrey had looked so strange, she thought, and had evidently not understood her remarks about summer.

That was the last opportunity Humphrey had of a private talk with her; for, as Miss Marchmont had said, there was plenty to do, and the girl herself left early the next morning. "Good-bye!" she cried gaily, waving her hand to him as the train began to move. "I daresay I shall see you soon again!" And then, as the little trio on the platform faded out of sight, she sank back among the cushions of the carriage and prepared to enjoy her book. But somehow or other, its contents failed to interest her. The story—one which she had long wished to read, and which Humphrey had pushed into her hands as he bade her good-bye—seemed for the time to have lost its charm. The words made no sense. Two or three times she read over the same passage, and every time Humphrey's face seemed to come between her and the print, until at last she was fain to declare herself beaten, and shut it up with a bang which considerably startled the elderly lady who was seated in the opposite corner.

Strath Carron, where she was going, was a small place, but a good deal frequented just at that season by visitors, who were attracted partly by the mildness of its climate, and partly by the picturesqueness of its scenery, which was extremely grand and mountainous. Her friends, Major Douglass and his wife, had gone there chiefly on account of the mineral waters, for which the place was celebrated, and they were staying in an hotel near the Well.

"It is so much more convienent than staying in rooms," Mrs. Douglass explained as she led Avice upstairs on her arrival. "One is saved all the trouble and bother then."

She was a pretty, delicate, little woman, of about two or three and thirty, of an easy going temperament, which made her anything but a strict chaperone, as Avice quickly found out. Indeed, her husband was much the best chaperone of the two, and had he been there all the time, it would have been better for Avice. But the day after her arrival he went off to Perthshire for some shooting, and the girl was left practically to her own devices.

She had been there about a week, or perhaps a little longer, when one morning coming into lunch she noticed a fresh face at the long dining table. The new comer was a dark handsome man of about forty, clean shaven, and so dark in hue that she immediately decided that he must be, if not wholly colored, at any rate half-caste.

"Who is he, Mrs. Douglass, do you know?" she inquired, gazing curiously at the apparently unconscious stranger; but though Mrs. Douglass turned her gold rimmed glasses full on the swarthy visage opposite, she could not say who or what he was. "We shall learn his name by-and-by," she returned carelessly; and Avice's curiosity remained for the time unsatisfied, and she dismissed him from her mind. Presently, however, she felt irresistibly impelled to look across the table at the stranger; and a curious indefinable feeling of uneasiness stole over her as she saw those keen black eyes fixed steadily upon her. She looked at his neighbor, at the pot of heather which formed the central ornament of the table, and finally at her own plate; but wherever she looked, her glance seemed compelled to return to him. She gave a half-impatient shrug as she endeavored to control her eyes, and a smile of satisfaction flitted momentarily over the dark face opposite. Lunch appeared that day an interminable affair, and Avice heaved a sigh of intense relief when at length it drew to a close and she followed Mrs. Douglass from the room.

"How oppressive it was in there!" she exclaimed as they reached their own room. And indeed all lunch time she had felt as if she were being stifled.

Mrs. Douglass looked slightly astonished. "Hot, do you mean? she inquired, drawing on a pair of dainty driving gloves. "Why, my dear, I thought it quite cold. In fact, I made up my mind that a jacket would not be a bit too heavy, driving this afternoon."

"No; I don't mean that it was hot," returned the girl. "I mean—well, I can't explain; but it felt very horrid." And she shivered slightly as she spoke, lying back in the easy chair with evidently no intention of dressing.

Her friend was almost ready by this. "Aren't you coming out?" she asked with some surprise. "We were going out for a drive with Mrs. Barfelt, you know."

"Oh, to that place—what do you call it—that old castle near here? No; I don't think I'll come this afternoon. I've got rather a headache."

Mrs. Douglass looked quite distressed. "What a pity! she cried. "Do change your mind, like a sensible girl and come. You won't have the chance again, perhaps."

But though she could not herself tell why she refused an excursion to which she had long been looking forward, Avice declined the invitation persistently.

"I've got rather a headache," she repeated, "and should not enjoy it."

So her friend was obliged reluctantly to depart, leaving her ensconced on the sofa with a novel and a bottle of lavender water by her side.

But less than an hour after Mrs. Douglas had started she sallied forth, armed with the book and a rug, to a little glen at the back of the hotel. Why she chose that spot she could not have said, for it was not much frequented by the guests at the hotel, who usually scorned it on account of its nearness. Perhaps it was the cool green shadows of the glen which tempted Avice there that afternoon, or perhaps it was the tinkling music of the little burn which ran through it, and by the side of which she established herself, raising her eyes every now and then from her book to gaze into the clear depths of a pool in which were mirrored a thousand varying tints from the Autumn trees above.

The time slipped slowly by, the silence unbroken save by the calls of the birds, the murmur of the brook, or the occasional rustle of some rabbit in the bushes, when all of a sudden, and without the slightest warning, she felt the same odd feeling of mental oppression which had so distressed her at lunch. Glancing up quickly, she saw the tall lithe form of the stranger standing before her.

CHAPTER III.

LETTING her eyes fall once more on her book, Avice felt the hot blood surging up into her cheeks. Who or what was this man, whose very presence seemed to fill her with uneasiness, and why had he come into that unfrequented glen! These questions rose unconsciously to her mind as she bent, or rather tried to bend, her eyes upon the printed matter before her until such time as it should please the intruder to pass on. But if she had hoped by her unconscious air to send him away she was doomed to disappointment, for taking up his stand directly in front of her, he said politely: "Have I the honor of addressing Miss Sacharty?

The low musical tones and the slightly foreign accent with which he uttered these words attracted her strangely, and with a slight bow she acknowledged the truth of his words.

"Ah!" he cried, seating himself unbidden on the turf near her, "that is indeed delightful! Your father is one of my greatest and most valued friends."

Avice did not reply for a moment; she was too much astonished to say anything, until the man's curious dark eyes fixed themselves suddenly on hers with a strange intense gaze and seemed to drag an answer from her.

"You come, then, from India?" she said, idly turning over the pages of her book.

"From India, yes," he replied, a swift smile parting for a moment the thin line of his lips. "I am an Indian myself, or rather Malay. My name is Tehandar Mutwanee, at your service.—I read your name in the books," he added by way of explanation, "and I thought it must be the daughter of my old friend."

Avice smiled. Somehow, in spite of her first feeling of dislike, the man fascinated her, and she no longer felt the impulse to run away which she had at first; and for some time they sat there, under the whispering trees, chatting about India, which Avice remembered but faintly, any allusion to it having always been discouraged by her aunt.

At last the lengthening shadows warned them that time was getting on, and they returned to the hotel, Tehandah carrying the rug and book, which he delivered up into Avice's keeping as she went up stairs.

"We shall meet again at dinner," he said with a smile as he turned away. "I will contrive to sit near you, and then we can talk about India again."

Avice nodded brightly, and ran up stairs to seek her friend, whom she found already dressing for dinner.

She looked decidedly astonished when the girl related her adventure. "Are you quite sure he is what he pretends—your father's friend?" she asked doubtfully. "It would be so easy for any one, attracted by your name, to fabricate a tale in order to make your acquaintance."

"Oh yes, I know; but he seems to know all about papa—things, I mean that only a friend would know; and besides, he knew Aunt Amelia by name; he asked after her. And he said he had seen me when I was quite a tiny baby."

"Oh well, I suppose it is all right," returned Mrs. Douglass, examining her hair critically with the hand glass. "But do be quick in dressing, my dear; we shall be fearfully late if you don't make haste.

And Avice fled to her own room, which was just beyond, and began making up for lost time, her mind all the while occupied with her afternoon's experiences and Tehandah Mutwanee.

It was not long before she joined Mrs. Douglass, and they went down stairs together. Tehandah Mutwanee was standing before the fire, which in consideration of the chilliness of the evening air, burnt

brightly on the hearth. He advanced to meet them as they entered.

"My friend, Mrs. Douglass—Mr. Mutwanee," said Avice shyly, by way of introduction.

The Malay bowed profoundly. "I am charmed to make Mrs. Douglas's acquaintance," he returned in those soft mellow tones of his; "and shall be proud if I, too, may be reckoned among her list of friends."

Mrs. Douglass acknowledged his greeting with a slight bend of her golden head, and passed on to Mrs. Barfelt's side, leaving Avice to talk to her new acquaintance, who, with no conscious will on her part, fascinated her more and more.

"It seems so strange to meet a countryman and a friend of my father's, here," she said, smiling, as Mutwanee gallantly led her into dinner. "Such an odd coincidence, you know!"

A curious smile lit up the dark face of the other as she spoke. "A pleasant one, too, I hope," he murmured softly. "For me, it is; at anyrate."

Avice did not reply for a moment; then again she felt that obligation to answer. "Yes, very," she returned shyly, turning her attention to the menu card by her side.

Her companion glanced at it too, with the air of a connoisseur. "Fish, soup, partridge (roasted), fricassee of mutton—um, um, um. I should recommend some of this, poulets au rix," he said, as Avice laid down the card. "As an entree it is very good."

If there was one thing she detested, it was poulets au rix. "I don't really think I will have that," she returned as she tasted the soup. "I am not partial to chicken.

Her companion said nothing at this moment; but as the waiter whisked away her plate, he looked quietly at her, saying: more in the tone of one who makes an assertion than of one asking a question: "You will change your mind and take some chicken, will you not?"

And then it appeared to the girl as if, she would change her mind; and mechanically, like one saying a lesson, she ordered the waiter to bring her chicken, instead of—as she had first intended—partridge; and again that curious half-mocking smile stole into the black eyes of Mutwanee.

This little incident made her rather uneasy—a faint vague fear of this strange man, who fascinated while he alarmed her, came upon her, and she was not sorry when they rose from the table.

On the hall table on her way to the drawing room, she found a letter from her father. It was dated Berlin, and bore the German post mark; but in it Mr. Sacharty announced that he was returning to England almost directly, and hoped that he might see something of his daughter before long, as he was engaged to stay with friends in the neighborhood of Strath Carron. He added that he had heard from an old friend of his who was going to Strath Carron—"and who, indeed, will be there ere this reaches you; and I hope, and trust that for my sake you will treat him with all courtesy and kindness," the letter went on "for to Tehandah Mutwanee I owe more than I can tell you of friendship and respect."

The girl's eyes sparkled as she read this. "How very odd!" she murmured; "but it will satisfy Mrs. Douglass of his respectability."

And as events turned out, Mrs. Douglass was only too glad to be convinced of his respectability and general fitness to be Avice's companion; for she had just discovered an old friend in a certain Mrs. Digby Browne, who had arrived that afternoon, and was too busily engaged in chatting about old times to pay much attention to the girl.

"I wonder what Aunt Amelia would think of him," thought Avice to herself later on that same evening as she brushed out her long wavy hair.

She had a dim consciousness, somehow, that Miss Marchmont would not altogether approve of Tehandar Mutwanee; and yet what there was to dislike in him she could not say. Polished, agreeable, highly cultivated, with a flow of language and store of anecdote which were surprising, he certainly made a most charming companion; and in spite of her half-acknowledged fear of him, Avice drew a fairly-glowing picture of him in her letter to her aunt ere she retired to rest that evening. But one thing she did not mention, and that was the curious manner in which she felt compelled to execute his will in the veriest trifles, and the sense of nervous oppression which seized her every now and then when his eyes were upon her.

It was custom in the hotel for any visitors who wished to have letters posted for them to place them on a tray put for that purpose on a table in the hall, when they were taken to the post by one of the servants. As a rule, Avice preferred posting her letters herself, disliking the publicity of the hall table; but the next morning, being somewhat in a hurry, and fearing to keep Mrs. Douglas waiting, she placed Miss Marchmont's letter on the tray as she went out. It was about eleven o'clock, and all the other visitors had already gone out, either to the baths or on some expedition—all, that is, save one.

Tehandar Mutwanee was sitting in the smoking-room as Avice passed through the hall, and seeing her through the half-open door placing a letter on the table, he slipped out as soon as she had gone and proceeded to examine the address. Something in it seemed to displease him, for he gave a low grunt of dissatisfaction, and then, hearing footsteps coming, replaced it quickly and began searching for his hat. The footsteps drew nearer, and soon the red head of Andrew, one of the waiters, appeared round a corner.

He looked curiously at the dark face of Mutwanee as he passed, and the latter, who was struggling into a greatcoat of enormous thickness, returned his gaze with interest, until his pale blue eyes were obliged to fall beneath the piercing black eyes.

"Shall I take this to the post for you?" said Mutwanee, politely indicating Avice's letter as he spoke. Andrew, as he knew, was the one generally told off for such errands.

The waiter glanced at him sharply. He was not accustomed to having his work done for him, nor neither was he inclined to refuse a good offer.

"Thank ye, sir," he replied slowly. "I dinna think there could be muckle harm, if ye're gaun to the toun."

And Tehandar, hastily availing himself of the permission, took up the letter and went his way. But he did not go towards the village; on the contrary, he turned his back upon it; and Avice's letter never reached the post, but lay opened and crumpled in his inner pocket for many a long day.

* * * * * *

Days came and went, and Tehandar Mutwanee still stayed on in the little Scotch watering-place, although it was palpable to all that he had not come there for baths, or even for the waters, for a course of which even the strongest usually went in. He was generally to be seen with Avice and Mrs. Douglas—often even with Avice alone—and besides them, he seemed to have few or no acquaintances in the place.

It was pity for his loneliness, partly, and partly also a desire to please her father, which had led Avice, and through her, Mrs. Douglas, to adopt the foreigner into their set; and having once been adopted, he had no mind to be dropped again; and thus it came to pass that in all their rambles and excursions he generally made one.

He exercised a curious subtle power over Avice herself from the first; and by degrees, it had grown stronger as he became more intimate with her, until at length the girl, frightened at first by the strange unaccustomed feeling, had unconsciously ceased to struggle against it, and indeed seemed almost to court its power.

Two or three days of damp uncertain weather were succeeded by one of such extraordinary splendor that Mrs. Douglas declared they ought to celebrate its appearance by some grand expedition; and after much debating and careful weighing of all the pros and cons, it was unanimously decided that they should make up a party and visit a curious old mansion in the next village, which was said to have formed one of Prince Charlie's halting-places during the '45.

The party was quite a small one, consisting only of Mrs. Douglas and her friend Mrs. Digby Browne; the latter's daughter; a certain Oliver Westall, with whom they had become acquainted through Mrs. Barfelt; Tehandar Mutwanee and Avice; and they set off gaily soon after breakfast, determining to lunch at the inn of Inchbothie, returning home for dinner.

Miss Digby Browne, having a decided horror of foreigners in general and Tehandar in particular, established herself under Mr. Westall's protecting wing; and as the two elder ladies were deep in the criticism of a mutual friend, it fell out that Tehandar and Avice were left to each other, a state of things which gave the former at any rate deep satisfaction.

"You must explain it all to me," he said with a smile, as Avice made some remark about the historical interest of the place; "for I am afraid that I am very ignorant in the matter."

And though Avice modestly professed herself to be about as ignorant as he was, he refused to be guided about the house by any one but her. It was an old house, built in a variety of styles, and, when the owners were away, quite the showplace of the country-side, full of old ancestral portraits and curious heirlooms, many of them rendered sacred by the touch of royal fingers, or consecrated from time immemorial to none but royal use. There was even a legend that once, during one of his periods of exile, Robert the Bruce had sought the shelter of its friendly walls, and the room was still shown where he passed the night.

"We must go and see that!" cried Avice enthusiastically, as they all stood together in the old oak-panelled hall debating where to go first. "Come, Mr. Mutwanee, you and I will set off and lead the way. The guide-book says it is at the back of the house on the second floor." And followed by the willing Tehandar, she disappeared through the door.

Oliver Westall gazed after her with a look of grave disapproval, not unmixed with anxiety. "She is such a charming girl," he muttered to himself; "surely she can't be intending to marry that fellow; and yet she certainly does encourage him decidedly."

The latter part of this statement seemed true enough; for all that day Tehandar never left her side, and she appeared anything but bored by his attentions. It was growing late, and Mrs. Douglas was beginning to think of returning home, when suddenly, as he and Avice leant over one of the battlemented turrets, revelling in the beauty of the scene below, Mutwanee began softly:

"We have known each other quite a long time now, Miss Sacharty."

"More than a week?" returned Avice laughing.

"More than a week?" he echoed, turning his dark eyes full upon her—"to me it seems a life-time—a life-time of happiness. Oh Avice, my pearl, my jewel, say you will turn the friendship of these days into the love of eternity! Avice Sacharty, I ask you to be my wife?"

A cold shiver passed through the girl's frame; it was scarcely due to the September air.

"No, no!" she cried feebly, raising her hands, as if to shut out the power of his gaze. "No, I cannot, I cannot!"

"Cannot?" he said softly, but with a persuasive accent in his mellow voice, drawing down her hands as he spoke with a gentle but firm persistence against which she was powerless. "Nay; think again; cannot? Why 'cannot?' Let it rather be 'can' and 'will!'" And as he spoke he bent his gaze upon her with renewed intensity. "Say yes! sweet one. See, it will be easy!" In spite of the term of endearment and the coaxing tone, the words seemed more like a command than an entreaty.

Again that nervous shiver passed over her, and she was silent. Was it a battle with a stronger will which kept her dumb? Who can say?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HANGING BY BALLOT.—In some villages in Japan robbers are tried and convicted by ballot. Whenever a robbery is committed the ruler of the hamlet summons the entire male population and requests them to write on a slip of paper the name of the person they suspect as having committed the crime. The one receiving the largest number of ballots is declared duly "elected," and is accordingly hanged. This system, like all others, has its peculiar advantages. It ensures the punishment of somebody for every robbery committed, whereas under the system in vogue in many civilized countries in nine cases out of ten no punishment is inflicted on anybody for the crime, and justice remains unsatisfied.

ARTIST—"I painted this picture, sir, to keep the wolf from the door." Dealer—(after inspecting it)—"Well, hang it on the knob where the wolf can see it."

SOONER OR LATER, a neglected Cold will develop a constant Cough, Shortness of Breath, Failing Strength, and Wasting of Flesh—all symptomatic of consumption. In other instances the same cause will produce Bronchitis, a disease of the branches of the windpipe. In all affections of the Pulmonary organs, as well as in Bronchial complaints, Jayne's Expectorant is both a palliative and a curative, as the testimony of thousands, and its world-wide reputation attests—while in Coughs and Colds it acts speedily, and when taken according to directions, promptly removes them.

Scientific and Useful.

CORDAGE.—The manufacture of cordage, twines and fabrics from the fibres of the pineapple leaves is a new industry in Florida.

COD LIVER-OIL.—Cod-liver-oil is rarely well borne when taken on an empty stomach, but is best retained when given not immediately after, but from half an hour to two hours after a meal.

STEEL.—It is now recommended as a good method of annealing steel to let it "soak" in the fire until red hot, as it heats more evenly, then to take it from the fire and carry it to some dark place, allowing it to cool in the air until the dull red is no longer visible in the dark, and finally cooling it off in hot water.

LIGHT.—To give a brilliant white light, a lamp needs thorough cleansing every little while. The oil should be poured out of the fount, leaving no dregs on the bottom. The fount should then be washed in strong soap-suds, rinsed in warm water, and dried. It should then be filled with fresh oil. The burner should be boiled in soda and water until the network that crosses it is freed from dirt and dust. If the wick has become clogged with the sediment, replace it with a new one.

THE TELEPHONE.—It begins to look now as if we would be able pretty soon to "ring up" Europe over the 'phone. The question of ocean telephony is being earnestly studied, and for a month experiments have been carried on. The results that have been obtained are the talk of the scientific world. Keen attention to the subject has been caused by the invention of a new electric wire, and, according to some eminent authorities, it may revolutionize the present system of long-distance talking.

GUNPOWDER.—The days of gunpowder as a charge for naval guns are numbered, as some experiments just concluded at the Government proof-butts, Woolwich, appear to prove a decided superiority for cordite. A six-inch quick-firing gun was loaded with 29 pounds 12 ounces of the ordinary black gunpowder, and yielded a velocity of 1890 feet per second, with a pressure strain on the gun of 15 tons per square inch. The same gun was charged with 14 pounds 3 ounces of cordite, and gave a velocity of 2274 feet per second and a pressure of 15.2 tons. More important still, after 200 rounds had been fired, there were no signs of erosion.

Farm and Garden.

BONE MEAL.—Fine bone meal has been fed to hogs with advantage, and ground bone is largely used for poultry. Cows have also been known to lick bone meal. It serves as an occasional offering to stock, but whether it is safe to allow it regularity has not been determined.

HOGS.—There is no good argument against fattening hogs in a pen, if the pen is in the hands of the right man. It must be large enough to afford some room for exercise, must be kept clean, it must be frequently littered with fresh leaves, straw, etc., to absorb the moisture, and there must be a good variety of food.

LIME.—Farmers who did not apply lime on their land in the fall should do so as early in the spring as possible. The advantages of lime are almost innumerable, as the beneficial results are dependent upon many circumstances. It is the cheapest of all plant foods compared with the benefits it imparts to soils and crops.

CROPS.—Fertility tends to make fertility. Good crops grown from the land, fed to good stock upon the land, and the by-products returned to the land with due care, will make better land, bigger crops, and enable the feeding of more stock. Then you have more manure again, and the same round goes on and grows more money as it does so.

FERTILIZERS.—It does not pay to buy fertilizers and secure only a crop of 15 bushels of wheat per acre. The land may not need the kind of fertilizer that has been applied, and better results may be obtained by using only a special fertilizer to balance the plant food already existing in the soil. One hundred pounds of bone dust may give better results than half a ton of mixed fertilizer in proportion to cost. The farmer should experiment and learn how to use fertilizers, as well as when to apply them.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

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Dangers of Popularity.

Popularity has come to be regarded as the touchstone of merit, and nobody dares to challenge its claim since Matthew Arnold left us, declaring himself, through his last published words, in favor of the salvation of mankind by "the remnant" of the faithful, and against the belief that the majority is right or that popularity is a trustworthy test.

Hear him: "Perhaps you will say that the majority is sometimes good, that its impulses are good generally, and its action is good occasionally. Yes; but it lacks principle, it lacks persistence. If to-day its good impulses prevail, they succumb to-morrow. Sometimes it goes right; but it is very apt to go wrong."

There are many now who are unwilling to take an approving stand alongside Matthew Arnold as he enunciates that opinion, because, if they happen to have a degree of popularity quite equal to their merits, they are grateful and flattered, and, if they are neglected, they are afraid of seeming soured.

Besides, as a rule, they do not entirely acquiesce in the philosopher's condemnation of the majority, but feel that, on the whole and in the long run, the common sense of the heterogeneous multitude, high and low, known as "the people" somehow or other often proves to be astonishingly right-minded and fair in its operation.

And yet, though they shrink from an approval of Matthew Arnold's sweeping disbelief they acknowledge to themselves that popularity is rated beyond its deserts and public appreciation is a very rough-and-ready umpire. Still public appreciation is king; its power penetrates into every sphere of human activity.

Shakspere, in one of his last compositions, defined the object of his art in the phrase "which was to please." "To please" has now become a universal object. If the business-man cannot please, or, in other words, make his wares popular, he may as well dissolve his firm before a worse fate befalls him.

The politician who cannot please those to whom he appeals will soon have time and quietness wherein he may reflect upon the causes of his failure. The author may have a big reputation in a very select circle, but, if his productions do not sell, he quickly loses caste even with his friends. Popularity is sometimes quietly gained, and sometimes is picked up from an undignified advertisement scramble; but it must come somehow to the modern worker if he is to be accounted successful. The credit system, through which men sought deferred payment by fame, is at a discount; we like better to get ready money in the form of a temporary notoriety.

It may not be a welcome warning to those who realize that the way to get on in these modern days is by gaining the suffrages of their fellows; but it is for that reason all the more necessary. For consider how much disappointment dogs the steps of him who seeks popularity. It is so fickle that he never knows it when he has it.

Can a man tell he is popular? We should say that the knowledge is exceptional. It is one of the commonest of experiences to find men seeking election without a ghost of a chance of success, and yet believing until the last moment that they are great favorites. On the other hand, instances are not scarce where modest men of merit cannot be persuaded that they are held in high esteem.

Personal popularity is one of the most elusive questions. If we seek, we shall not find, or shall find only a counterfeit. Bacon clove the mark when he said, "Men that woo and affect honor and reputation are commonly much talked of but inwardly little admired." As for easy-going cynical Montaigne, he dismissed the matter in the sentence—"I am not that way; I love myself too much." He who deliberately sets out upon a search for men's good opinion must accommodate himself to some very strange bed-fellows, and may fail of his object in the end, or gain it only to let it slip. It was of such aspirants that Bacon was thinking when he wrote—"By pains men come to greater pains, and by indignities to dignities."

When the popularity-hunter seems to have succeeded, when he has attained to such honors as are within his reach, he can never be quite sure whether the deference paid to him by his fellows whom he has for the time being over-topped is a tribute to his position or to his individuality.

But, in addition to deceptiveness and precariousness, popularity has the drawback of making enemies. Though a man, by delicately accommodating himself to suit all his acquaintances, should earn the woe launched against those of whom most speak well, yet the moment he is in general favor he will for that very reason be attacked by the jealous, the discontented, and by those who hate to see anybody "made so much of."

Though the popular man may have gained his hold upon the affections of his friends by legitimate means, and the feeling may be natural and inevitable, it will anger a few misanthropes, just as an ill-conditioned remnant always feel impelled to scratch whatever is smooth and soil whatever is white.

But the chief danger of popularity does not come from enemies, though they are often awakened to activity; it comes in the form of vanity and the sapping of character. No man can truly say that he has tested his character until he has known what it is to be prosperous and praised, and also what it is to be downcast, defeated, and discredited.

Those who can endure the one extreme are very often easily overcome by the other. Yet the common idea is that anybody can play the part of a successful and popular man if he has a fair opportunity. Nothing could be further from the truth.

The world swarms with people who have been spoiled by a sudden accession of good fortune, bringing momentary public favor. We have been looking chiefly on the dark side of popularity, not because it has not a bright and an inviting aspect, but because it is so natural to take the cheerful view of the subject that the drawbacks are forgotten.

The only safe rule that avoids all the difficulties, all striving after favor, all disappointment, is to do the right thing and not give a thought to popularity. If it comes, we should enjoy it while it lasts; but we must not be surprised if it goes again when we feel ourselves bound to show independence of character and to dissent from the general opinion. What people think of us does not add one iota to the value of our conclusions or take away from it. Popularity is a good and pleasant thing when it comes unbidden and is at liberty to leave without being a cause of anxiety.

The modest man is always popular before he is aware of it; he realizes only incidentally that a few people care for him, and every fresh chance discovery of good feeling gives him pleasure; but, if he begins to pursue the favor of others as an object, he enters upon a thorny path. Let us be honest enough to feel contented with being what we are and producing our natural effect on the minds of those around us without having recourse to the stimulus of artificial popularity.

IF we are in any degree damping the hopes, thwarting the plans and discouraging the endeavors of one who is struggling to make them fruitful, we may be very sure that we are fighting against the eternal principles of good. Even though the idea may be a mistaken one and the effort sure to fail, it is better and kinder to let it die a natural death than to stifle it prematurely.

EVERY honest work thoroughly and faithfully performed, from the laying of a good road to the administration of a good government, has a beneficial effect upon the world. Just as a stone thrown into the water makes ever-widening circles to which we can set no limits, so patient and intelligent labor of head or hand extends its influence far beyond our sight or knowledge.

WE are poor, silly animals. We live for an instant upon a particle of a boundless universe, and are much like a butterfly that should argue about the nature of the seasons, and what creates their vicissitudes, and does not exist itself to see an annual revolution of them.

TRUE refinement knows how to be polite without involving insincerity or any other compromise of conscience. Both egoism and egotism are impolite in rudely or crudely blurting themselves out, reckless of any standards higher than their own pampered hobbies.

IT is the age that forms the man, not the man that forms the age. Great minds do indeed react on the society which has made them what they are; but they only pay with interest what they have received.

BEASTS, birds and insects, even to the minutest and meanest of their kind, act with the unerring providence of instinct; man, the while, who possesses a higher faculty, abuses it, and therefore goes blundering on.

WHEN we embark in the dangerous ship called Life, we must not, like Ulysses, be tied to the mast; we must know how to listen to the songs of the sirens and how to brave their blandishments.

THERE are no real virtues which are inconsistent with each other, and it is only our own deficiencies in some special direction that could make it appear so.

As the sword of the best tempered metal is most flexible, so the truly generous are most pliant and courteous in their behavior to their inferiors.

WHEN a man ventures an opinion, he will find some one who opposes it. Hence a man without opposition is a man without opinions.

A LITTLE explained, a little endured, a little passed over as a foible, and lo, the ragged atoms will fit like a smooth mosaic.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

SPUR.—Victoria was 18 years old when she became Queen of England.

G. B.—Solution of potash is highly caustic. Caustic substances produce the same effect upon the skin as a burning body.

R. L. G.—A written lease is not necessary in order to authorize a landlord to sell a tenant's furniture for rent that may be due.

READER.—The Savannah was the first steamer that crossed the Atlantic, having made the trip in 1819 from Savannah to Liverpool in 26 days.

POSTAL.—Star Postal Routes are those over which mails are transported in other ways than by steam, by contractors in the employ of the Government.

S. T. T.—Service in the army is compulsory in the continental countries of Europe on all able-bodied men between certain ages. The length of service varies in different countries.

JOHN L.—The Brooklyn Bridge, which connects the cities of New York and Brooklyn, was commenced in 1870, and was completed in 1883. It is 3475 feet long and 135 feet high, and cost about $15,000,000.

A. O.—It is forbidden by the regulations of the Post Office Department for postmasters to give any person information concerning the mail matter of another, or to disclose the name of a box-holder at a post-office.

CHESTER.—Aluminium was first separated from its compounds in a metallic form by Wohler in 1828. All clay contains the metal, so that every clay bank may be considered an aluminium mine. The cost of the process of extraction is the only reason why the metal should not actually be as cheap as dirt.

KENSINGTON.—The salary of an assistant engineer on a United States cruiser is $1700 per annum while he is at sea; $1400 while on shore duty, and on leave or waiting orders $1000. After five years from the date of appointment it becomes $1900 at sea; $1600 on shore duty, and on leave or waiting orders $1200.

TEDDY.—The spiral red stripe on a barber pole is said to symbolize the winding of a ribbon or bandage around the arm of a patient upon whom barbers formerly operated in the capacity of surgeons. In former days, when the operation of bleeding was extensively practised, blood-letting formed a part of the duties of a barber.

ANXIOUS.—The only plan to improve in spelling is to have a dictionary by you when writing, and look out every doubtful word. Also make a list of all words ending in "ible" and "able," "ment," and those with double or single letters; write them in the correct way, and then learn them by heart. Some words ending with "ment" retain the preceding "e," and others do not.

CATO.—We do not think you are an Atheist. You are passing through a phase of thought in which few people stay. Law is the mode of creation, discoverable everywhere—in the moulding of planetary systems and in the aggregation of atoms that build up the flower you wear in your dress. But is it not a daring assumption to say law is the Creator and there is no law-maker? God would not be God if you could find Him out by your searchings. We learn from life as well as from thought.

PROCESS.—A crematory is a closed furnace from which gases can escape while ashes remain undisturbed. The body is placed in the furnace, which is then intensely heated, and, after a couple of hours of this drying process, all the gases having been driven off, and the ponderable matter of which the human frame consists is left behind in the form of a few pounds of clean white ashes. The cost of working a crematory is considerable, and the poor cannot afford this method of preserving "the ashes of their fathers."

PANDORA.—We did not say that histrionic genius should not be cultivated. We are acquainted with many ladies and gentlemen who are ornaments of the stage and society, and who are in every way excellent people. At present the rich, the foolish, the idle and the sensual seek the theatre as a vicious amusement, to the great detriment of a noble profession, and to the hideous chagrin of all who look upon the art of the actor as a powerful means of teaching and elevating the human mind.

F. G. EDMONDS.—You ask if there is any absolute proof as to which is the seventh day. If you mean you believe there was a given day on which the creation of the world began, and would like to know whether count has been kept ever since, so that the first day of the week represents that first day of creation, then we reply—No such count has been kept. The reckoning of time in weeks of seven days comes from the Jews, and cannot be traced back with any certainty beyond the time when the Ten Commandments were issued, though it was probably in vogue before then. The Jewish year was based upon the seven times multiplication table. If your inquiry means—Have the seven days observed by the Jews been kept unchanged? we reply that there is every reason to suppose they have. The present Jewish Sabbath corresponds with the ancient Jewish Sabbath. We do not know what you will accept as absolute proof, but there is no reason for supposing that a conservative people like the Jews, who hold ancient customs more tenaciously than any other people, and whose religious calendar is most elaborately constructed, have changed their Sabbath.

WHAT I HAVE GIVEN.

BY W. W. L.

To you I gave my inmost life,
With naught of care or fears;
With all its wealth of tender love
To crown your future years.

To you I gave my manhood's prime,
Its truth, its faith, its prayers;
At future days all fearless looked,
With never thought of cares.

All, all there is that man can give,
Gave I in love to you;
And dare you cast it now aside,
To your own soul untrue?

Of Looks and Acts.

BY J. CHAMBERS.

IN the backwoods of Canada, about eighty miles north of Lake Ontario, there is a chain of three lakes, linked by the stream of a rapid river, which leads southward from the heart of a great forest. The last of the three lakes is broad and has but a slow current, because of a huge dam which the early Scottish settlers built across its mouth in order to form a basin to receive the lumber floated down from the lakes above.

Hence this last lake is called Haven, which is also the name of the settlement at the side of the dam; for the worthy Scotsman, having set up a large sawmill, built a church beside it, and by degrees a town and a schoolhouse.

All the wealth of the town comes from the forest; and half-breed Indian lumbermen, toiling anxiously to bring their huge tree-trunks through the twisting rapids, connect all pleasant thoughts in their minds with the peaceful Haven Lake and the little town where they receive their wages.

They are simple men for the most part; and, perhaps because they have received their first ideas of a civilized religion and of the comforts of a good harbor at the same place, their tripping tongues to this day call it, not "Haven," but "Heaven."

As for the town, it throve apace in its early days, and there was no one in it who throve better than Mr. Reid, who kept the general shop.

He was a cheerful soul; and it was perhaps owing more to his wife's efforts than his own that his fortune was made, for she kept more closely to the shop and had a sharper eye for the pence.

Mrs. Reid was not cheerful; she was rather of an acrid disposition; and people said that there was only one subject on which the shop-keeper and his wife agreed, and that was as to the superiority of their daughter in beauty, talent, and amiability, over all other young women far or near. In their broad Scotch fashion they called this daughter Eelen, and the town knew her as "Bonnie Eelen Reid;" for every one acknowledged her charms, although there might be some who would not acknowledge her pre-eminence.

Mr. and Mrs. Reid carried their pride in their daughter to a great extent, for they actually sent to boarding-school in the town of Coburgh, which was quite two days' journey to the south.

When she finally came back from this educating process well grown, healthy, handsome, and, in their eyes, highly accomplished, the parents felt that there was no rank in the Canadian world beyond their daughter's reach, if it should be her pleasure to attain it.

"It wouldn't be anything out of the way even," chuckled the happy Mr. Reid, "if our Eelen should marry the Governor-general."

"Tuts, father, Governors!" said his wife scornfully, not because she had an inherent objection to Governors as sons-in-law in a general way, but because she usually cried down what other people said.

"The chief difficulty would be that they are usually married before they come to this country—aren't they, father?" said Eelen with a twinkling smile.

She did not choose to explain to any one what she really thought, she had fancies of her own, this pretty backwoods maiden.

"Well, well, there are lads enough in town, and I'll warrant she'll pick and choose," said the jolly father in a resigned tone. He was not particular as to a Governor, after all.

That conversation happened when Eelen first came home; but a year or two after, the family conferences took a more serious tone.

She had learnt to keep her father's books in the shop, and had become deft at housework; but there was no prospect of her settling in a house of her own, for many of the best young men in the place had offered themselves as lovers and been refused.

"Oh! what's the use o' talking, father," cried Mrs. Reid; "if the girl won't, she won't, and that's all. But I can tell you, Eelen Reid, that all your looks and your manners won't save you from being an old maid, if you turn your back on the men."

"I wasn't talking," said Mr. Reid humbly; "I was only saying to the lassie that I didn't want her to hurry; but I'd be right sorry when I'm getting old not to have some notion where I was going to leave my money—It'll more than last out Eelen's day, if it's rightly taken care of."

"But I can't marry unless I should fall in love, father dear," said Eelen wistfully.

Life was by no means dull in the little town. There were picnics in summer, sleigh-drives in winter, balls, and what not; and Eelen was no recluse.

Still, she loved the place better than the people, and there was not a spot of ground in the neighborhood that she did not know by heart.

In summer, the sparkling water of the lake rippled under a burning sun, and the thousand tree-stems left floating in it, held near to the edge of the floating boom of logs, became hot and dry on the upper side, while the green water-moss caught them from beneath.

It was great fun for the school children to scamper out daringly on these floating fields of lumber; and Eelen liked to go with them; and sometimes walk far out alone along the edge of the boom.

She would listen to the birds singing, the children shouting, to the whir of the saws in the mill, and the plash of the river falling over the dam; and she would feel that it was enough delight simply to live without distressing herself about marriage yet awhile.

When winter came, Eelen was happier still. All the roughness and darkness of the earth was lost in a downy ocean of snow. Where the waterfall had been, there was a fairly palace of icicles glancing in the sun, and smooth white roads were made on the frozen lake.

Eelen never drew back dazzled from the glittering landscape: she was a child of the winter, and she loved its light. She would often harness her father's horse to the old family sleigh and drive alone across the lake.

She took her snow-shoes with her, and, leaving the horse at some friendly farmhouse, she would tramp into the woods over the trackless snow.

The girl would stand still and look up at the solemn pines and listen, awed by their majestic movement and the desolate loveliness all around.

At such times, if the thought of marriage came, she did not put it aside with the light fancy that she wished still to remain free; she longed, in the drear solitude, for some one to sympathize with her, some one who could explain the meaning of the wordless thoughts that welled up within her, the vague response of her heart to the mystery of external beauty. Alas, among all her suitors there was not such a friend.

There was no one else in the town who cared for country walks as Eelen did—at least, no one but the schoolmaster. She met him occasionally, walking far from home; he was a quaint, old-looking man, and she thought she had a face like an angel's.

She might have wished sometimes to stop and speak to him; but when they met, he always appeared to have his eyes resting on the distant horizon, and his mind seemed wrapped in some holy reverie, to the oblivion of outward things.

The schoolmaster lived in the schoolhouse on the bank of the curving river, a bit below the waterfall. He took up his abode there a few months before Eelen Reid came home from school.

He had come from somewhere nearer the centres of education—had been imported, so to speak, for the special use of Haven Settlement, for the leading men of the place were a canny set and knew the worth of books.

His testimonials had told of a higher standard of scholarship than was usual in such schools, and the keen Scots had snapped at the chance and engaged him without an interview; but when he arrived, they had been grievously disappointed. He was a gentle, unsophisticated man, shy as a girl, and absent-minded withal.

"Aweel, I'll not say but he'll do to put sums and writing into the youngsters' heads and teach them to spout their poems; but he's not just what I call a man." This was the opinion which Macpherson, the portly owner of the mill, had delivered to his friends.

"There's something lacking, I'm thinking," said one: "he's thirty-six years old, and to see him driving his cow afield, you'd say he was sixty, and him not sickly either."

"I doubt he's getting far too high a salary," said Macpherson solemnly. "To pass examinations is all very well; but he's not got the grit in him that I'd like to see."

So they had called a school committee meeting, and suggested to the schoolmaster, as delicately as they could, that they were much disappointed with his general manner and appearance, but that, as he had come so far, they were graciously willing to keep him if he would consent to take a lower salary than that first agreed on.

At this the schoolmaster grew very red, and, with much stammering, he managed to make a speech. He said that he liked the wildness and extreme beauty of the country, and the children appeared to him attractive; he by no mean wished to go away; and as to salary, he would take what they thought him worth.

In this way they closed the bargain with him on terms quite satisfactory to themselves.

"But hoots," said the stout Macpherson as he ambled home from the meeting, "I've only half a respect for a man that can't stand up for himself;" and this sentiment was more or less echoed by them all.

Happily, the schoolmaster did not desire society. The minister's wife asked him to tea occasionally; and he confided to her that, up to that time, he had always lived with his mother, and that it was because of her death that he had left his old home, where sad memories were too great a strain upon him, and came farther west.

No one else took much notice of him, partly because he took no notice of them. At the ladies' sewing meeting the doctor's looked round the room with an injured air and asked: "How is it possible to ask a gentleman to tea when you know that he'll meet you in the street next morning and won't remember who you are?"

"A lady who respected herself couldn't do it," replied Mrs. Reid positively, and then in an undertone she remarked to herself, "The gaby."

Miss Ann Blakely pursed her lips and craned her thin neck over her work. "As to that I don't know, Mrs. Reid; no one could visit the school, as I have done, and fail to observe that the youth of the town are more obedient than ever formerly. In my opinion, a gentleman who had commanded the respect of the growing masculine mind"—— She finished the sentence only by an expressive wave of her head.

"There is much truth in Miss Blakely's remark," said a timid little mother of six sons.

People married early, as a general thing, in Haven Settlement, and Miss Blakely, having been accidentally overlooked, had, before he came, indulged in some soft imaginations of her own with regard to the schoolmaster, and, like others, she was disappointed in him: but she had not yet decided "whether," to use her own phrase, "he would not, after all, be better than none."

She poised this question in her mind with a nice balancing of reasons for and against for about three years, and the man who was thus the object of her interest continued to live peacefully, ignorant alike of hostile criticism and tender speculation.

It was a terrible day for the schoolmaster when the honest widow who lived with him as a housekeeper was called away by the death of a daughter-in-law to go and keep house for her son in another town. She could only tell him of her intention two weeks before it was necessary to leave: and very earnestly did he consult with her in the interval as to what he could possibly do to supply her place, for servants in Haven Settlement were rare luxuries.

"I don't know, I'm sure, sir, what you can do," said this Mrs. Sims hopelessly. "The girls in these parts are far too proud to be hired to work in a house. Why, the best folks in town mostly does their own work; there's Mrs. Reid, so rich, just has a woman to do the charing: and Eelen—that's the beauty, you know—makes the pies and keeps the house spick-and-span. But you couldn't keep your own house clean, could you, sir?—let alone the meals, and you wouldn't live long if you hadn't them."

As the days wore on, the schoolmaster became anxious and more urgent in his appeals for advice: but he did not get encouragement to expect to find a servant of any sort, for the widow was too sincere to suggest hope when she felt none, and the difficulty was not an easy one to solve.

She made various inquiries among her friends. It was suggested that the master should go to "the boarding-house," which was a large barn-like structure, in which business men who did not happen to have families slept in uncomfortable rooms and dined at a noisy table.

Mrs. Sims reported this suggestion faithfully and added: "But it's my belief it would kill you outright."

The schoolmaster looked at his books and the trim arrangements of his neat house, and negatived the proposition with more decision than he had ever shown before.

After a while, Mrs. Sims received another idea of quite a different nature; but she did not report this so hastily—it required more finesse.

It was entrusted to her care with many injunctions to be "tactful," and it was suggested that if there was a mess made of it, it would be her fault.

The idea was nothing less than that it would be necessary for the master to marry; and it was the gaunt Miss Ann Blakely herself who confided to his present housekeeper that she should have no objections to become his bride, provided he wrote her a pretty enough, humble sort of letter that she could show to her friends.

"For, mind you, I'd not go cheap to the like of him," she said, raising an admonishing finger, as she took leave of her friend; "I'd rather remain single, far."

"I think he could write the letter," replied Mrs. Sims; "leastways, if he can't do that, I don't know what he can do, poor man."

Having been solemnly enjoined to be careful, Mrs. Sims thought so long over what she was to say before she said it, that she made herself quite nervous, and when she began, she forgot the half.

Over her sewing in the sitting-room one evening she commenced the subject with a flustered little run of words.

"I'm sure such an amiable man as you are, sir, almost three years I've been in this house and never had a word from you, not one word"—it is to be remarked that the widow was speaking of fault-finding, and did not by any means intend to assert that the schoolmaster had been mute—"and you are nice in all your ways, too; if I do say it, quite the gentleman."

"Oh!" said the schoolmaster, in a tone of surprise, not because he had heard what she said, but because he was surprised that she should begin to talk to him when he was correcting his books.

"And not a servant to be had far or near," she went on with agitated volubility; "and as for another like myself, of course that's too much to be hoped for." She did not say this out of conceit, but merely as representing the actual state of affairs.

The schoolmaster began to look frightened. He was not a matter-in-fact person, but, as long as a man is a man, the prospect of being left altogether without his meals must be appalling.

"So, why you shouldn't get married, I don't know," she added in tremulous excitement, speaking in an argumentative way, as if she had led him by an ordered process of thought to an inevitable conclusion.

"Oh!" exclaimed the schoolmaster in surprise again, this time because he had heard what was said.

The worst was over now; and Mrs. Sims, having once suggested the desperate idea of the necessity of marriage, could proceed more calmly.

She found, however, that she had to explain the notion at length before he could at all grasp it, and then she was obliged to urge its necessity for some time before he was willing to consider it.

He became agitated in his turn, and, rising, walked up and down the room, his arms folded and an absent look in his eyes, as though he were thinking of things further off.

"I do not mind telling you, for I believe you are a motherly woman, Mrs. Sims, that it is not the first time that the thought of marriage has crossed my mind" (with solemn hesitation). "I have thought of it before; but I have always been hindered from giving it serious consideration from the belief that no woman would be willing to—ah—to marry me."

"Well, of course there's some truth in that, sir," said his faithful friend, reluctantly obliged by her conscience to say what she honestly thought.

"Just so, Mrs. Sims," said the school-

master with a patient sigh; "and therefore, perhaps it will be unnecessary to discuss the subject further."

"Still, there's no accounting for tastes; there might be some found that would."

"It would not be necessary to find more than one," said he, with a quiet smile. He was not a stupid man, although his intellect did not take a practical turn.

"No, that's true, sir, which makes the matter rather easier. It's always been my belief that while there is life there is hope."

"True, true," he replied; and then he indulged in a long fit of musing, which she more than suspected had little to do with the immediate bearing of the subject on his present case. It was necessary to rouse him, for there was no time to be lost.

"Of course I don't say that there's many that would have you; there's girls enough; but laws! they'd all make game of you if you were to go a courting to them, and I take it courting's not the sort of thing you are cleverest at."

"True," said the schoolmaster again, and again he sighed.

"But now, a good sensible woman, like Miss Blakely, as would keep you and your house clean and tidy, not to speak of cooking—I make bold to say you couldn't do better than to get such a one, if she might be so minded."

"Who is Miss Blakely?" he asked wonderingly.

"It's her that visits the school so often; you've seen her time and again."

"I cannot recollect her at all," he said, after a futile attempt.

"That's just what I said," she observed triumphantly. "You'd be no more up to courting than cows are up to running races. Now, as to Miss Blakely, not being as young as some, nor to say good-looking, she might not stand on the ceremony of much courting, if you just wrote her one letter, asking her quite modest and putting in a few remarks about flowers and that sort of thing, as you could do so well, being clever at writing, I give it as my opinion it's not unlikely she'd take you out of hand; not every one would, of course, but she has a kind heart, has Miss Blakely."

"Kind is she?" said he, with a tone of interest; "and sweet-tempered?"

"Well, as to her temper. I'll not just say; but maybe she's no worse in that respect than myself, and you and I have never had words. I've no doubt that she'd be all that you wish, sir, for the reason that you'd never give her occasion to be otherwise."

She said much more in favor of the scheme; it required that she should say much, for the schoolmaster was not to be easily persuaded. She had, however, three strong arguments in its favor, which she reiterated again and again, with more and more assurance of certitude as she warmed to the subject.

The first point was, that if he did not marry, he must either starve at home or go to the boarding-house, and at the latter place she assured him again, as she had done at first, he would probably soon die. Her second point was, that no one else would be willing to marry him except Miss Blakely; and her third, although in this matter she expressed herself with some mysterious caution—that Miss Blakely would marry him if asked.

Mrs. Sims bridled her head, spoke in lower tones than was her wont, and said that she had the secret of Miss Blakely's partiality from good authority.

She sighed; and he heard her murmur over her sewing that the heart was always young.

In fact, without saying it in so many words, she gave her listener to understand clearly that, although he could not at all recollect Miss Blakely, Miss Blakely had conceived a very lively affection for him. And this last, if she had but known it, had a stronger power of starvation or a lingering death in the rude noise of a boarding-house; for the schoolmaster was tender-hearted, and, moreover, he had a beautiful soul, and supposed all women to be like his mother, whom he had loved with all his strength, and whose loss he still passionately deplored.

However, Mrs. Sims could gain nothing from him but a promise to think the matter over for the next few days.

"But you'd better make haste, sir," she said, "for I must leave on Thursday, and now it's Saturday night. There's not overmuch time for everything—although, indeed, Mrs. Graham, that goes out charing, might come in and make you your meals for a week, though it will cost you half a quarter's salary, charing is that expensive in these parts."

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The schoolmaster proceeded to think over the matter—that is to say, he proceeded to muse over it; by which process he did not face the facts as they were—did not become better acquainted with the real Miss Blakely, who, although an estimable woman in her own way, with something of a good heart at bottom, was not an attractive personage, or one at all fitted to make him happier by reigning over his domicile.

In his musing, however, he did make a sort of progress in another way, for he conjured up an ideal Miss Blakely, gentle and good, cheerful, with intellectual tastes like his own, a person who, like himself, had not fared happily in the world until now, and for whom his love and protection would make a paradise of the remaining years of her life, as her gentle sympathy would make of her.

It did occur to him, occasionally, that the picture he was drawing might not be quite correct, and at those times he would emerge from his sitting-room to go into the kitchen, where, except in the evening, Mrs. Sims held her court, and would ask a few questions of this oracle by way of adjusting his own ideas to the truth.

Poor Mrs. Sims, between her extreme honesty and her desire to see the schoolmaster, whom she really loved, assured of future comfort before she left the place, had much ado to be "tactful" and say the right thing.

She naturally, however, regarded comfort as pertaining solely to the outer man, and fully believed that this marriage was the best step he could take; so her answers, when they could not satisfactory, were vague.

The schoolmaster's questions were certainly not always just what might have been expected under the circumstances, and some of them were more easy to answer than others.

After a premonitory query or two, one day he stood thoughtfully stroking his beard beside the kitchen dresser, quite regardless of all that was going on in the way of dinner around him.

"Ah—you said, I think, Mrs. Sims—or perhaps I only imagined it—but perhaps I am not altogether wrong in supposing that Miss Blakely had a mother?"

"Oh yes, sir, that she had," said the widow without hesitation.

"Ah, I am glad of that," he said with a sigh of relief, thinking of the love and loss which had been the romance and tragedy of his own life. "And she died, I suppose?"

"I suppose so," said Mrs. Sims, "for she's not living."

At that moment the schoolmaster was almost persuaded to think well of the scheme proposed to him, and to write the letter; but before this was accomplished he began to doubt again, and went through quite a prolonged period of indecision, of despondency as to his own chances of acceptance, and hesitation as to the advisability of the arrangement altogether.

During this time Mrs. Sims was at great pains to dispel his fears. "How can you doubt, sir, that you'll be much happier with a wife to cook your meals regular, and no more bother about changements all your life? I'm sure if I were you, sir, I wouldn't hesitate between the joys of matrimony and single life."

"Perhaps not, Mrs. Sims; but I, being I, do hesitate. It is a very important step to take, just because, as you say, there will be no more change."

"And it's just you that have been telling me that the very thing you dislike most in this world is change. And there are other advantages, too, in having kith and kin, for it's lonesome without when you're old; and just think how beautiful for a wife to weep over you when you're a-dying—and she'll do all that, Miss Blakely will, sir; I'm sure, as her friend, I can answer for it."

"The will above be done," murmured the schoolmaster, "but I would fain die a dry death."

However, as his housekeeper said, time pressed, and, perhaps as much by natural reaction of cheerful feeling as by the force of her arguments, in the course of a few days the schoolmaster was again disposed to take a more favorable view of the plan. Still he procrastinated; and the very evening before the widow's departure had arrived, and yet nothing was done.

Then it happened, as is frequently the case when the mind is balancing between two opinions, that a very small circumstance determined him to write the all-important note.

The circumstance was none other than his having a convenient opportunity of sending it; for to him, as to many other unpractical minds, the small difficulties in the way of any action has as great a deterring power as more important considerations.

Miss Blakely happened to live on the other side of the town, and though the master walked much farther than that himself every day, he felt that in this case it would hardly be dignified to be his own messenger.

It was early in the evening, and the master's window was open to the soft spring air that came in full of the freshness of young leaves and flowers and the joyous splash of the flooded river.

He observed two of his school-boys loitering under the window, evidently wishing to speak to him, too bashful; so he got up, and went and sat on the window-sill, and smiled at them, and they smiled back.

They had a tale to tell; but, as it was of a somewhat delicate nature and hard to explain, he had to listen very patiently.

They had a dollar—a brown and green paper dollar—which they gave him with an air of solemn importance.

They said that they and some of their comrades had been a long way from home gathering saxifrage, and that they had met one of the young ladies of the town.

She had her arms full of flowers, and her pocket quite full of moss, so full that she had to take her purse and handkerchief out and hold them in her hand with the flowers because the moss was wet.

When she came upon them, they were trying to get some saxifrage that was on a ledge of rock; they could only climb halfway up the rock, and were none of them tall enough to reach it; so she put down all her flowers and things and climbed up and got it for them; but in the meantime one of them opened the purse and took out the dollar. She never found it out, and went away.

"Not either of you?" said the schoolmaster.

"No, sir; one of the other fellows did it. But he's sorry, and wants to give it back; so we said that we would tell you, and perhaps you would give it to her."

"Why couldn't you go and give it to her, just as you have given it to me?"

"Because we knew you'd b'lieve us that it was just the way we said; and her folks, you know, might think we'd done it when we said we hadn't. Or, mother said, if you didn't want to be troubled, perhaps you'd just kindly write a line to say how it was, and we'll go and leave it at the house after dark and come away quick."

The master had no objection to this; so he brought the boys in and got out his best note-paper—for he was fastidious about some things—and he wrote a note beginning "Dear Madam," telling in a few lines that the money had been stolen and restored.

"What is the lady's name?" he asked, taking up the envelope.

"It was Eelen Reid, sir; Mr. Reid's daughter that keeps the shop."

So the schoolmaster wrote "Miss Eelen Reid" in a fair round hand and then he paused for a moment. He was making up his mind to the all-decisive action.

"Perhaps you can wait for another note and take that for me at the same time," he said. He gave them some picture papers to look at. Then he wrote the note of such moment to himself, beginning, as before, "Dear Madam," and doing his best to follow the many instructions which the faithful Mrs. Sims had given him.

It was a curious specimen of literature, in which a truly elegant mind and warm heart were veiled, but not hidden, by an embarrassed attempt at conventional phrases—a letter that the best women would reverence. Then he addressed that envelope too, and sealed the notes and sent away the boys.

There was no sleep for the schoolmaster that night. With folded arms he paced his room in restless misery. Now that the die was once cast, the ideal Miss Blakely faded from his mind; he felt instinctively that she was mythical.

He saw clearly that he had made a terrible mistake, that he had forfeited the best possibilities of life for the sake of temporary convenience, that he had sold his birthright for a mess of pottage.

The long night passed at length, as all nights pass. The sun rose over the purple hills to glow upon the spring-stirred forest and to send his shafts deep down into the clear heart of lake and stream. The fallen beauty of past woodland summers had tinged the water till it glowed like nut-brown wine; so brown it was that the pools of the river, where it swirled and rushed past the school-house bend, seemed to greet the sun with the soft dark glances of fawn-eyed water-spirits.

The glorious sky, the tender colors of the budding wood, the very dandelions on the untrimmed bank, seemed to contrive their hues to accord and rejoice with the laughing water, and the birds swelled out its song.

In the rapture of spring and of morning there was no echo of grief; for the unswerving law of nature, moving through the years, had set each thing in its right home.

It is only the perplexed soul that is forced to choose its own way and suffer from the choice, and the song of our life is but set to the accompaniment of a sad creed if we may not trust that, above our human wills, there is a Power able to over-rule the mistakes of true hearts, to lead the blind by unseen paths, and save the simple from their own simplicity.

Very early in the morning the schoolmaster, haggard and worn, slipped out of his own door to refresh himself in the sunlight that gleamed down upon his bit of green through the budding willow-trees that grew by the river-side.

He stood awhile under the bending boughs, watching the full stream as it tossed its spray into the lap of the flower-fringed shore.

He looked, as he stood there, like a ghost of the preceding night, caught against his will and embraced by the joyous morning. Just then he had a vision.

A girl came towards him across the grass and stood a few paces distant. The slender twigs, with their hanging catkins and tiny golden leaves, made a sort of veil between them.

She was very beautiful, this girl, at least so the schoolmaster thought; perhaps she was the personification of the morning, perhaps she was a wood nymph—it did not matter much; he felt, in his excitement and exhaustion, that her beauty and grace were not real, but only an hallucination of moving sun and shade.

She took the swaying willow-twigs in her pretty hands and looked through them at him and stroked the downy flowers.

"Why did you send me that letter?" she said at last, with a touch of severity in her voice.

"I didn't," he said, without pausing to think what she could mean.

"Yes, you did," she replied seriously, looking at him with large, earnest eyes.

He remembered now, with a sort of dull return of consciousness, that he was guilty of having sent a letter—terribly guilty in his own estimation—but it was sent to Miss Blakely, and this was not Miss Blakely: he had taken the precaution to know her by sight at least before he took the final step.

And that one letter had so completely absorbed all his mind that he had quite forgotten any others that he might have written in the course of his life.

"You certainly did write it," she repeated, with a slight tone of indignation in her voice; "and if you had any reason for writing it, I don't see why you should deny it now."

"Do not be angry with me," he said imploringly. He had but one idea, that was, to keep this radiant dream of beauty with him as long as possible.

"I'm not angry," she replied, becoming gentle at the tone of entreaty on his part; "indeed, I am not angry at all—indeed"—and here she looked down at the twigs in her hand and began pulling the young leaves rather roughly—"I am not sure but what I am rather pleased. I have so often met you out walking, you know; only I didn't know that you had ever noticed me."

"I never did," said the schoolmaster; but happily his nervous lips gave but indistinct utterance to the words, and his tone was pathetic. She thought they had only made some further pleading.

"I—I—I like you very much," she said. "I suppose, of course, everybody will be very much surprised, and mother may not be pleased, you know, just at first; but she's good and dear at heart, mother is, in spite of what she says; and father will be glad about anything that pleases me."

He did not understand what she said; but he felt distressed at the moment to notice that she was twisting the tender willow leaves, albeit he saw that she only did so because, in her embarrassement, her fingers worked unconsciously.

He came forward and took her hands gently, to disentangle them from the twigs. She let them lie in his, and looked up in his face and smiled.

"I really will be a very good wife to you, and manage all the common things, and not tease you to be like other men, if you will sometimes read the books to me and explain to me what life means, and why

it is so beautiful, and why things are as they are."

"I'm afraid I don't understand these matters myself very well," he said; but we can talk about them together."

"So we will," she said contentedly; and then she put her arms round him and gave him a kiss.

No one had kissed him since his mother died, and the great joy that took possession of his heart brought, by its stimulus, a sudden illumination to his dazed mind. In a marvellously tender way, for a man who could not go a-courting, he put his hand under the pretty chin and looked down wonderingly, reverently, at the serious, upturned face. "And this is Eelen Reid?"

Then Eelen, thinking that he was teasing her gently for being so easily won when she had gained the reputation of being so proud, cast down her eyes and blushed.

* * * * * *

So they were married, and lived happily, very happily, although they had their sorrows, as others have. The schoolmaster never told any one of his blunder except his wife, and she found in it a boundless source of comfort for her; in her simple faith, she took it as a proof that God himself had sent his angel, whom the earth calls Chance, to teach them the glad lore of love.

As for Miss Blakely, she never quite understood who had stolen the dollar, or when, or where; but she was glad to get it back, especially as she had a serious disappointment about the same time. She found it hard to forgive Mrs. Sims for having managed her trust so ill, although the window declared with tears in her eyes, that she had done her best.

"He would have taken in the knowingest person, he would indeed, Ann Blakely; and, to my notion, a straightforward woman like you is well quit of a man who, while he looked so innocent, could act so deep."

GALL-FLIES AND THEIR WORK.

THE drop of ink which flows from a pen is intimately connected with the insects about which I am going to make a few remarks.

For to certain of their kind we owe the gall-nuts which form so important an ingredient in its manufacture. Gall-producing insects belong to two different orders. The first, along with bees, wasps, and ants, come under the Hymenoptera; the others, along with the flies, are known as Diptera.

It is their remarkable power of modifying plants to suit their own ends which renders them of special interest. One of them alights on a tree, inserts its ovipositor, and lays its egg in the puncture.

Thereupon, the vital energy of the plant is directed to that spot, and throws up around the egg a mass of nutritive tissue. This tissue serves at once as the cradle and food-supply of the grub which is presently hatched, and which remains there until it emerges a perfect insect.

Man, in order to coax the vegetable kingdom to supply his needs, has had to select and cultivate laboriously for many generations: the gall-fly with a touch, so to speak, of its ovipositor calls forth the required result at once. Had it appeared at the wave of the magician's wand, it would scarcely have appeared more wonderful.

One of the most remarkable facts in the history of the gall-fly is, that different species acting on the same tree produce totally different results.

Thus, one of them puncturing the wild rose gives rise to one of those pretty moss-like tufts which so frequently adorn it. Another on the same plant produces round growths resembling currants in size and form. A much greater variety of form is produced on the oak-tree.

No fewer than fifty species of gall-fly, indeed, are said to produce their particular forms of growth upon it. One of the most common is that which produces the marble gall.

This gall is produced on the twigs in the form of round bodies, soft and green at first, afterwards brown and woody. The familiar oak-apple is of more irregular shape, and prettily colored red and yellow like a fruit.

Of a similar shape to the marble gall, but softer, and of a pretty red color where exposed to the sun, is the cherry gall. Another fruit-like gall, small, round, and often appearing in clusters on the male catkins of the oak, is known as the currant gall.

Still more remarkable, perhaps, is the artichoke gall. In this case the gall-fly has laid its egg in the centre of a bud, and the vegetative growth, though disturbed, has asserted itself in a symmetrical manner. The oval body in the centre, containing the egg or grub, is covered with a series of imbricating or overlapping scales, so that the whole bears a striking resemblance to the involucrum of a thistle.

Of quite another class are a number of small galls which appear studding the leaves in considerable numbers, and are known as "spangles." They occur in the form of little disc-like bodies, each attached to the under side of the leaf by a tiny stalk. These spangles are of different shapes according to the different species of fly forming them.

The cause of this variety in the vegetative response to what seem to us such similar stimuli, is somewhat of a mystery. When it has been said that difference in the shape of the original wound, in that of the egg and grub, in the nature of the irritant fluid injected with the egg, in the position of the wound on the tree, probably all contribute, there is perhaps nothing more to add.

Or we may shelter our ignorance by speaking of the influence of the vital force of the egg. And what makes the thing more remarkable still is the fact that other insects can puncture the leaves of plants and lay their eggs without causing any abnormal vegetable growth. This is the case, for example, with the whole class of leaf-miners.

The oak responds with overflowing generosity to the appeal made to it by the gall-fly, and provides nourishment far in excess of the wants of its guest; and so it happens that the cradle and larder of one particular gall-fly are made use of by others.

We have here one example among many of the curious mixture of reckless extravagance and strict economy to be found in nature. Flitting about among the branches of the oak-tree are countless myriads of flies on maternal thoughts intent, which have nevertheless no power of inducing the oak to provide galls for them. But here are the marble galls produced by another species forming a ready-made supply of nourishment of the right sort. Piercing the excrescences with their ovipositors, they deposit therein their eggs and depart.

The young are hatched, and feed on the substance of the gall without damage to the rightful owner—there is food sufficient and to spare for all. The rightful owner is indeed fortunate if nothing further happens to him than this feeding on his preserves without doing him bodily injury or starving him.

For there are other and more dangerous flies flitting about the oak-tree. Glittering in green and gold array, and armed with long ovipositors, they also are looking out for places to deposit their eggs; and the only place that will do is the body of the fat grub lying in the centre of the marble gall.

Hence it is woe to the original possessor when one of these gay hoverers chooses its gall. With its long ovipositor, the fly pierces the gall, and places its egg within the body of the grub inside. An exceedingly common tragedy in nature is played out within the narrow stage of the oak-gall.

The second comers to the gall—the harmless ones—are likewise subject to their own proper parasites, and may be made the unwilling receptacles of their eggs. And then the nutritious mass of the gall proves acceptable to caterpillars of various small moths, while beetles, bees, and wasps may avail themselves of it as a shelter.

Thus many species of insects may be found in an old oak gall. An enthusiastic naturalist once counted the different species in one of them, and they amounted to forty-three! These included six species of small moths, seven beetles, and the rest saw-flies, gall-flies, ichneumon flies, mason wasps, bees, etc.

The marble gall is properly inhabited, as we have seen, by a single grub; but the fly which causes the growth of the oak-apple lays several eggs. These are contained in a group of hard woody cells near the centre of the gall, the rest of which is soft. The soft part is frequently eaten by insects, or torn away by birds in search of the grubs; and the hard cells remain on the tree, where, along with the hard brown marble galls, they may be seen during the winter months.

The life-history of the insects inhabiting the spangles on the oak-tree leaves is of peculiar interest. It furnishes us with an example of what is known to naturalists as alternation of generations, and of parthenogenesis. Two distinct forms of gall-fly were formerly described as different species—they were even placed in different genera.

One of them is found inhabiting the currant galls, and the other in one form of the spangles. Some fifteen years ago it was shown by Dr. Adler that they were two different stages of the same species of gall-fly; and the discovery has since been confirmed by others.

These two forms, so distinct as to be ascribed by naturalists to different genera, proceed the one from the other by direct generation: the children are totally different from their parents, but the grandchildren resemble them. This is termed alternation of generations.

In May a little gall-fly lays its egg on the leaves or male catkins of the oak, and the currant gall is produced. Development is rapid; and from this gall issue male and female flies. After mating, the females pierce the oak-leaves and lay their eggs. But instead of a second crop of currant galls, there appear spangles. This takes place in the autumn. After a while the spangles became detached from the leaves and fall to the ground; there they swell, and the further development of the larva takes place.

In the spring, there issues a fly perfectly distinct from the one which laid the eggs on the leaf and produced the spangles; and, strange to say, they are all females: no males appear among them. Yet these females puncture the oak-tree, and lay their eggs to produce another crop of currant galls, as their grandparents did, but not their parents, which produced spangles. From these currant galls issue male and female flies as before.

Other trees and plants are liable to the attacks of gall-flies. In late summer and autumn, the willow bushes are often seen covered with pretty red fruit-like bodies adhering to the backs of the leaves. These are also galls. Less symmetrical and beautiful are the effects of gall-flies on more lowly plants like wild thyme and speedwell, on which they take the form of irregular swellings and distortions of the stems and leaves. Probably, indeed, the possession of a peculiar gall fly or flies is the rule rather than the exception among plants.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Ferdinand Holtzenland, a German resident of Reading, has not, it is claimed, tasted water for 18 years. Since he gave up drinking water his weight has increased from 122 to 145 pounds.

Postal authorities at Worcester, Mass., were surprised the other day to discover in the mail matter a slightly soiled linen collar. At first it seemed that some absent-minded person had mistaken a letter-box for a soiled clothes basket. But an address on one side of the linen, with a cancelled postage stamp, and a letter written on the other, proved that the linen had been put to use as the conveyer of intelligence. So the collar was back-stamped and the missive delivered.

"It has been asked, "Does advertising pay?" A German journal, the "Mainzer Nachrichten," replies to this question by giving the following fact, the authenticity of which it guarantees: A person advertised that he would pay 5 marks to the sender of the largest potato. In less than 15 days the clever advertiser found himself in possession of as many sacks full of the very finest potatoes, which, after paying the 5 marks promised for the largest example, might be reckoned a very profitable speculation.

In Paris a new industry has been started, namely, dog's dressmaking. An enterprising woman has started an establishment where coats of the newest fashion are made for the four-footed favorites, where there are most comfortably furnished waiting rooms with luxurious arm-chairs for the ladies and soft rugs for the dogs. The most fashionable coat for dogs this winter is sealskin trimmed with Astrakan: one coat was made of biscuit colored cloth lined with silk and trimmed with beaver.

Judge Lamar, of the United States Supreme Court, who died last winter, was a gentleman of the old school, and was always making fine speeches to women. There is no end of stories told about him. On one occasion he was taken to task by a lady at Bar Harbor, who thought he did not recognize her. "Ah! Judge," she said, "I am afraid you don't remember me; I met you here two years ago." "Remember you, Madam!" was his quick reply, with one of his courtly bows; "why, I've been trying ever since to forget you." And she laughingly exclaimed: "Oh! go away, you dear, delightful old Southern humbug!"

Queen Victoria is a Colonel of Dragoons. This may sound funny, but it is a fact, Her Majesty being honorary Colonel of a regiment of Prussian dragoons. The honorary Colonel has just presented her regiment with a pair of beautiful and costly kettledrums; and when she visits her son, the Duke of Saxe Coburg-Gotha and Edinburg, she may have the pleasure of hearing the tatoo beaten upon her royal gift, her grandson, the Kaiser, having directed a detachment from the Victoria regiment of dragoons to attend Her Majesty during her sojourn in Germany. These be some of the trivialities concerning the amenities of royal life which are flashed to these shores by sub marine cable. Probably the cost of the dispatch nearly equaled the value of the Queen's kettledrums.

One of the oddities of life in the Maine factory villages is the class of men who can appropriately be called "housekeepers." In almost any town where much manufacturing is done numbers of these men may be found. If one calls soon after meal time he will be likely to find them with aprons on washing dishes. At hours they may be seen sweeping up, making beds, cleaning and washing the children, cleaning house or cooking. These men are housekeepers for the simple reason that their wives can earn more working in the mill than they can, and it becomes a matter of money-saving to let them do it. Some of them saw and pile the wood in the shed, and do the chores, and take care of the garden and do other man's work around home, as well as the housekeeping, and the arrangement seems to be profitable.

In submarine torpedo boat warfare it is, of course, a matter of decisive importance to know how far the submerged craft must keep away from the point of explosion in order to avoid being damaged. A series of experiments conducted at the Newport torpedo station have established the fact that the detonation of a mine of one hundred pounds of gun cotton began to visibly affect the submerged torpedo boat at a distance of eighty feet, although not sufficiently to destroy the life of the animals, which had been confined within for the purpose of the experiment. It is possible that firings can be made much closer, and that the torpedo boat will not collapse until its distance from the mine shall be less than the distance between the mine and the surface of the water, upon the theory that the pressure of an explosion is chiefly in a vertical line. If this theory should be substantiated the utility of submarine warfare would be greater than has generally been supposed.

PATENTS

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Our Young Folks.

TED'S PLAYMATE.

BY H. T.

"HE'S a jolly sort is Teddy Lloyd; you can't get him in a temper, whatever you do to him."

So say the boys of Crescent Alley of Ted Lloyd, the shoeblack, whose earnings are all that stand between Allie, his little invalid sister, and the workhouse.

When their widowed mother was taken away from earth, she bade Teddy take care of his little sister, who was then only five years old, and so weakly, the neighbors said, "she won't be long for this world: that's certain!"

Right nobly has the boy struggled to fulfil his mother's trust. He is now a tall sturdy lad of thirteen, willing, hard working, trustworthy, and happy of face: for Ted has a brave heart, and though he was often come to his last sixpence, and has scarcely known how to pay for their lodgings with the laundress whose roof shelters them now, he works on hopefully.

"No, you can't make Teddy cross!" This is the general opinion round the corner where the young shoeblack works. Plenty of tricks have been played on Ted—"larks" which might have put many a boy in a passion; but his kind good-natured ways have made him a favorite even with the rough lads who pour out of the neighboring school twice a day, and now they are all ready to protect his property, and even to share with him their bread-and-butter dinners when they see work is slack with the shoeblack.

One day Teddy Lloyd is found angry and indignant, however. In the centre of a throng of yelling, shouting boys is a poor little dog, a stray, wretched-looking object, whining and shrinking in affright from the stones that are aimed in his direction.

The utter helplessness of the homeless dog makes a powerful appeal to Teddy's kind heart, and he takes the biggest of the thoughtless lads by the shoulders, and almost shakes him in his excitement.

"Leave off, Bill Simons!" he cries angrily; "you ought to be ashamed of yourself to hit a little creature like that. Just stop this minute, I tell you, and let the dog go!"

"Who's to make me?" asks Bill scornfully, taking another stone out of his pocket.

"I will!" says Teddy, whose blood is up at sight of that sharp stone. Down on the ground goes Master Bill, and, as the poet is quite correct when he reminds us "cowards are cruel," it is not long before Bill remembers he has business elsewhere, and takes himself off beyond the reach of Teddy's arm.

"Here, no fighting! Do you boys want to get locked up?" says a tall policeman, appearing upon the scene. From a distance he has discerned a struggle, and now, as he approaches, most of the boys are lost to sight, but two or three begin eagerly to explain, "That there boy what's run off were shying stones at that there dog, and the boy Lloyd he's been and paid him out; and that there dog's been hiding under the bushes in the square, and we ohivied him out, 'cause it says 'No dogs allowed here' on a notice board.

"Well, move on, don't block up the road like this," says the policeman, resuming his walk; the school-bell rings, and Ted is soon left alone, save for the little creature that creeps up to him, crouching and shivering.

"Poor doggie! poor old fellow!" say Ted, who is very fond of animals, and shares with Allie a kitten that is their pride and delight. He has a small piece of crust in his pocket, and the little terrier eats it ravenously, wagging his tail and trying feebly to lick the boy's kind hand. Oh, Bijou! Bijou! how many a time at the sight of dry bread has your little nose seemed to curl scornfully, and your appetite demanded cream, sugar, and plum cake instead; now, indeed, times with you, Master Bijou, are changed, and you would sit up and beg for more of that hard crust, but as you endeavor to do so, you roll over on your back, so weak have you become through fright, and wanderings, and want of food!

"Go home now, old chap—be off. I must be busy," Teddy; but the little dog has evidently made up his mind not to desert the only person who for many an hour has bestowed food upon him. All day he lies beside Teddy's box; at tea-time he shares the bread and cocoa the boy buys or a penny at a neighboring coffee-house; and when it grows late he follows Teddy home to Crescent Alley, and crawls feebly into little Allie's lap, wagging his tail at sight of the kitten, for there are both a little girl and a kitten at the home to which the lost dog belongs.

Teddy does not know enough about dogs to recognize that this little creature is of value, and has probably been well cared for in a home of plenty.

"A little street dog has followed me home," he tells Allie.

"We won't turn him out to-night, 'cause it's raining hard now;" and Allie and he decides at last that Jim, as they name their new friend, shall be adopted by them, and belong to them henceforth.

Indeed, he refuses to leave Teddy, and for many a day he is an object of great interest at Ted's corner.

As he gets stronger he exhibits a series of tricks which fill the boy with admiration—not only is he continually sitting up and begging, but he pretends to fall fast asleep, dances a polka, walks on his hind legs, and shows himself quite an accomplished dog.

The policeman takes Ted's address, in case any lost dog like Jim should be inquired about at the police-station; but time goes on, and still Jim is Ted's daily companion.

Oh, what merry games they have! the boy pretending to brush Jim down, and calling out "Have a polish, Jim old chap?" while the dog barks with delight, and enjoys dodging the brushes.

Ted has long since made it up with Bill Simons by saving for him a bun which a lady bestowed on him one day, in passing.

Bill is fond of Ted in his heart, though thoughtless and wilful; that Bath bun, and Ted's frank words that he "hopes he did not hurt him when they fell out a bit," remain in his memory, and are the means of causing Bill to do a generous act.

He comes rushing to Ted one afternoon, to tell him that in a street some distance off he has seen a paper in a window about a dog like Jim, and it says, "Anyone giving information will be handsomely rewarded."

"You go, Ted," he says. "The address is 11, Palermo Villas. I shouldn't wonder if they gives you five shillins' for taking care of Jim for them."

"If they do," says Ted, "I'll give you half, 'cause you could have gone straight and told them where Jim is, and got the reward right off; only you didn't."

"Well," says Bill, coloring, "you wants lots of money, I knows, so as to keep your little sister."

With a thrill of madness at the thought of losing Jim, his loving little companion, Ted tucks Jim under his arm, and starts on the long walk to Palermo Villas, Bill offering to mind his box.

He has walked about two miles, when Jim suddenly fidgets about in his arms, wriggles down to the ground, and rushes forward, recognizing the road they are in.

What a welcome awaits him in his own happy home, where his little mistress fairly cries with joy as she hugs him to her breast!

Her parents have discovered that he was stolen for sake of his silver collar, and then turned adrift to starve and die, if he had not found a helper.

"Now, my boy," says kind Mr. Elliot to Ted, "we should like to be your friends, for you have been good and merciful to poor little Bijou."

Generous hearts have the Elliots, and Ted's hard struggles are over now. He and Allie are soon placed beneath the roof of a motherly body, once cook at the Elliots, and she is so careful of the little invalid, and nourishes her so wisely, that Allie is well enough to go to a day-school by the time Ted is earning regular wages in Mr. Elliot's office.

In the same employ now is Bill Simons, who is doing his best to prove himself wiser and better than he was in the past; and very often into that office rushes merrily a happy romping little dog—Maud Elliot's "Bijou" and Teddy's "Jim."

A DARK BIRD.

THAT nocturnal bird, the owl, has been almost universally maligned. Its peculiar conditions of existence have invariably caused its appearance to be considered by the superstitious as gloomily sinister.

Whether the ornithological specimen be the barn, white, tawny, eagle, little-horned, long-eared, snowy, hawk, little, or barred owl, the condemnation is the same. It was forbidden food by the law of Moses, and in the Bible it is mentioned as a mourning curse in Leviticus, Deuteronomy, Job, the Psalms, Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Micah

The poets have all been severe with it, and Shakspeare speaks of it in connection with cuckoos, goblins, elvish sprites, lizards, puttocks, fatal ravens, wolves, adders and blind-worms.

Its excellent mousing proclivities, though constituting it an economical scavenger, still fail to procure it a deserved popularity.

Although the dictionary-description of this ghostly creature, on the authority of Pope, is a bird that flies when night reigns supreme, it has an ancient and extensive folk-lore.

The Athenians, however, have given it a higher place than most nations, honoring it as the sapient symbol of their adopted goddess, Minerva; its love of solitude, scorn of worldly vanities, and its perpetual contemplation tempered with silence, led them to prefer it for this purpose. Singularly enough, its appearance was considered a presage of victory, while its flight originated the proverb: "When the owl flies, the enemy flieth."

This hardly agrees with the testimony of Apuleius, who avers that the Greeks crucified the poor creature alive.

That universal conqueror, Constantine the Great, also used the bird as an emblem of wisdom on his gold coinage.

This was also placed on Trajan's pillar, on the coins of Sequinus, intending to signify his providence. Again, we have a scarcely appropriate epitaph on the Byzantium of the Cæsars, from the prophetic pen of Mohammed, quoting an Oriental poet: "The spider hath wove his web in the imperial palace, and the owl hath sung her watch-song in the towers of Afrasiab." Fenelon also speaks deprecatingly of the bird, while relating the adventures of Telemachus under the guidance of Minerva herself. Egypt, visited by the son of Ulysses in his travels, sanctified the fowl to the goddess, according to Philostratus, also greeted by the heir to the throne of Ithaca.

Something of this esteem lingers in a few parts of the country, for Hone, in his "Every Day Book," relates that in the West of England, on Saint Valentine's Day, it is the custom for young bachelors, in companies of three, to hunt for an owl and two sparrows before day-break. These are carried to the village inn before the female portion of the household have arisen, which being accomplished, they are rewarded with three pots of purl; similar contributions being subsequently levied from other inns, if possible. The idea is, that the wisdom of the owl prevail with the feathered race to mate on that day.

Turning to other authorities, we find that crying of the bird by night signified the proximity of the listener to the Stygian shore; and its appearance in cities, destruction and waste. Sir Thomas Browne states its advent before the battle with the Parthians near Charræ, presaging the dissolution of Crassus.

The author of the "Æneid" foretells the decease of Cato by the appearance of a solitary owl. Alexander Ross, in "Arcana Microcosmi," is witness that the final fate of Valentinian was presaged by an owl that sat on the summit of his bathing house, not to be driven away by stones.

Another specimen perched on the roof of the chamber of Commodus Antoninus, just before the Reaper's sickle gathered him to his fathers, in front of Rome and Lanuvium; so says Julius Obsequen's "Book of Prodigies." If we believe Xiphilinus, the feathered biped sung on the apex of Curia previous to Augustus taking a passage in the Charonian bark; and the Actian War was prognosticated by a flight of owls into the Temple of Concord.

Sarcastic Butler, in his "Hudibras," notes the Roman horror of the hooting creature.

This powerful nation deemed the appearance of this bird a dreadful omen, and one of great influence in public affairs. They looked upon it as an inhabitant of deserts and desolate places, dire and inaccessible; and its scream was considered truly discordant and unlike the cry of a bird.

Grose holds fast to the idea with further ambiguous details, saying that a screech-owl, flapping its wings against a sick person's window, foretells that some one of the family will shortly die.

Gilbert White, in his quaintly-pleasant "Natural History of Selborne," adds his testimony that the vulgar endorsed this superstition in his time and neighborhood.

Pennant, again, in "Zoology," tells us that the eagle-owl is considered a bad omen in cities—the ancients hating them and screech-owls.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

England is said to have over 1,000,000 widows.

Ceylon has cinnamon plantations covering 36,000 acres.

A lady's foot should equal in length one-seventh of her height.

The room in which the great Napoleon died is now occupied as a stable

Wine represents only three per cent. of the alcohol consumed in England.

For hundreds of years, in Malta, bee stings have been considered a certain cure for rheumatism

A scientist tells us that it would take 13,000 cholera microbes to make a procession an inch long

Locomotives were first used in 1804; now the world has 39,000, and 6,400 more are built every year.

A London dealer in pet animals and birds says that more than one-half the buyers of dogs are women.

The most disastrous flood was that of Holland in 1530, when 400,000 persons are said to have been drowned.

A paper published in Cairo, Egypt, called the Sphinx, is edited by an American, David Garrick Longworth.

In the United States during the last four years only one murderer in every 15 has been punished for his crime.

There are 162,040 persons on England's pension list, and they draw about $38,000,000 a year from the treasury.

The importation of American lager beer in competition with the German is now making great headway in England.

As there were just thirteen marriages in Henniker, N. H., last year, the brides are all the objects of superstitious solicitude.

Hair dye is considered so detrimental to long life that a Paris insurance company refuses to insure the lives of persons who use it.

A convict just sentenced for life in New York is making an appeal for permission to sit in the electrical chair and go off with the button.

The extraordinary skill of Nat Wright, a 14-year-old boy, of Greenville, Tex., as a penman, has landed him in jail under a four years' sentence for forgery.

While W. T. Walker and Miss Annie Pickett were eloping from Chattanooga, Tennessee, recently, they met a 'Squire on the road. They were married in their carriage.

A floating paragraph states that more women than men go blind in Sweden, Norway and Ireland: more men than women in the rest of Europe and in the United States.

It is the secretary bird of South Africa that can whip any snake of twice its size. Stanley used to aver that the reptiles would crawl away from this bird's shadow in wild fear.

The Matabele are of Zulu origin, though not pure Zulus. Since their fathers left Zululand a large admixture of foreign blood has come into the tribe through marriage with the women they have captured.

Visitors to Central Park, New York, may admire the new skin-tight buckskin trousers of the mounted police as a neat English innovation, but the men complain that they are most uncomfortable and very cold.

Piscatorial authorities say that, were it not for the natural enemies of fish, the codfish would fill all the available space in the seas, rivers and oceans. It is not uncommon for vessels to sail through acres of floating spawn on the banks.

Emperors and empresses, kings and queens, write to each other as brother and sister; reigning grand dukes also enjoy this privilege when addressing kings, but sovereigns not possessing royal honors are designated as cousin.

An automatic adding machine has been invented by a Glasgow gentleman. It has the appearance of a small type-writer, and by its aid a person without any knowledge of arithmetic can add up columns of figures at lightning speed

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes believes that body and mind are both effected by the character of food consumed. "An exclusively pork diet gives a bristly character to the beard and hair," and too much food from the sea gives the shine and emotions of a fish.

The sculptors who delight in carving out full-grown angels put little wings on them that would not support a big bird. The spread of the wing should be proportionate to size and weight. A body weighing 200 pounds should have a spread of wing 36 feet. The width of the wing should be about one-sixth the spread across.

Harvard University has recently received by the will of Mrs. Harriet Hayden the sum of $5000 to found a scholarship for colored students. There are now a number of colored students from various parts of the country not only in the college, but also in the professional schools. The best known among them is a clever law student, W. H. Lewis, of Virginia, who for two years has been centre rush on the university football team.

AS OF YORE.

BY F. W. A.

Oh, take me to your heart again—
Oh, take me, I implore!
Forget the words that made us part,
And love me as of yore!

Oh, bitter, bitter were the words
That made us sadly sore;
But oh, forget them!—oh, forget,
And love me as of yore!

Oh, chide me not, nor look so cold,
But smile as once before;
And take me to your heart again,
And love me as of yore!

POACHERS AND THEIR WAYS.

The Poacher in England resembles Prince Charles Edward in being surrounded by far more generous sentiment and imaginative glamor than any personal merits of his own have fairly earned. The popular mind is fascinated by the picture of the hard-working villager burning with a love of sport which the law forbids him to gratify, stealing forth from his cottage at the dead of night, and hurrying away to the haunts of the hare and the pheasant, regardless of the perils of assault at the hands of night-watchers, and weeks of cruel imprisonment in the county jail at the hands of partial magistrates. Still more powerfully is public sympathy excited by the appeal of the man who when charged in court with poaching represents that he was out of work; he would scorn to steal, but his children were starving; and seeing a rabbit, he thought there was no harm in taking it.

He may be anything in the humbler ranks of society, though usually the poacher is a farm-laborer, a miner, or other manual worker, engaged in more or less regular employment; but occasionally at night, and not seldom on a Sunday, he turns a penny by doing a bit of poaching either on his own account or in company with one or two friends.

The professional or constant poacher, on the other hand, is in no regular employment. Occasionally he does a little work as a day-laborer, and he is engaged in the fields at harvest-time. But for a great part of the year he can give no account of himself. When an orchard is robbed, he is not far away; and reynard sometimes gets credit, which the beast hardly deserves, for the disappearance of sundry fowls from the neighboring farmyards.

The dog, the ferret, the bag-net, the gate-net, the trap, the snare, and occasionally the gun, are the stock in trade of these rural poachers, whether of the amateur or the professional class. Ground-game are their chief quarry, though nothing comes amiss. They destroy much game, but they seldom make a great haul at one time. They lack the numbers, skill and organization to use drag-nets and capture coveys of partridges or grouse or a dozen hares at a single cast.

This last is one of the favorite instruments of the city poacher, who is altogether a much more skilful and more deadly enemy of game than his rural brother. Urban poachers, like rural ones, are of two classes—amateur and professional. The former is a masterful poacher, and depends for his escape not upon skill in eluding game-watchers, but upon his strength if he is encountered. This class of poachers, hardly known in Scotland, abounds in England.

Great gangs of men accustomed to rude manual toil issue from some large manufacturing or mining centre, swoop down upon a well-preserved district of country, and sweep all before them. Proprietors, keepers and policemen, hardly apprised of their approach until they are upon them, are powerless to stay their progress. They "clean up the country."

It is singular that, whilst a band of this kind if encountered with force will show the most determined fight and not stop even at murder, yet a crowd twenty times as numerous and composed of roughs of the same class, when gathered on a Sunday morning to witness a prize-fight, will melt like mist on the appearance of a single policeman.

Nets, both drag-nets and gate-nets, dogs and sticks, are used by these poachers. Their incursion is most fatal to hares and rabbits, for they have not time, and make too much noise, to "negotiate" winged game successfully.

The professional city poacher is the most skilful, and perhaps the most dangerous of all. In the game season, half-a-dozen of them will settle down in some market-town near the centre of a well-preserved country. These poachers proceed with great deliberation. They prospect the country carefully, not grudging a longish railway journey for the purpose when that is necessary. Often one of them is the owner of a horse and cart; or, failing this, they initiate into their gang some local cadger who is therewith provided. The drag-net and the lantern are the favorite instruments of these poachers. They seldom use the gun or the snare, for these are too tedious and too dangerous.

Winged game suffer severely from their depredations. A covey of grouse or partridges are slumbering in security, when a slow dog with a lantern round its neck makes a point within a few yards of them. The poachers make a detour, and draw the net up towards the face of the dog, probably netting the whole covey in this way with a single cast.

Pheasants, again, are seen against the sky roosting on the boughs of pines, and are quietly lifted down with the hand. It is to this class of poachers that the public are indebted for the grouse which appear in the poulterers' windows early in the forenoon of the 12th of August, and for hosts of immature pheasants on the 1st of October.

The only way to rid a country district of such a gang, as magistrates know, is to break their band. Small fines upon individuals are of no account, for the party have a common purse, or make one on such an emergency. That purse, however, is not often a very heavy one; and a few rigorous five pounds with expenses will generally break up the band and rid the district of their depredations.

Grains of Gold.

The public is wiser than the wisest critic.

Tyranny and anarchy are never far asunder.

The greatest homage we can pay to truth is to use it.

Speak plainly; act decisively; out of doubt, out of controversy.

Simplicity of character is the natural result of profound thought.

If money could buy salvation, gold would always be at a premium.

One of the first elements in every success is the determination to succeed.

When we are willing to do we shall be surprised at how much we can do.

Too much sensibility creates unhappiness; too much insensibility leads to crime.

Life, I repeat, is energy of love, divine or human, exercised in pain, in strife and tribulation.

Mutability of temper and inconsistency with ourselves is the great weakness of human nature.

You can tell a good deal about a man's religion by the songs he sings and the way he sings them.

Impoliteness is derived from two sources—indifference to the divine and contempt for the human.

There is scarcely any popular tenet more erroneous than that which holds that when time is slow life is dull.

No human being can come into this world without increasing or diminishing the sum total of human happiness.

One reason why there is not more good being done is because so many people want to wait until to-morrow to begin.

To be zealous of good works doesn't mean to sit around and whittle while your wife is hard at work trying to make a living.

As freely as the firmament embraces the world, or the sun pours forth impartially his beams, so mercy must encircle both friend and foe.

Femininities.

Writ of attachment—A love letter.

The number of women lawyers in the United States is now more than 100.

Society is built upon trust, and trust upon confidence in one another's integrity.

To be wicked and stick to it means to invite desolation and death, no matter how much it may promise life.

Adelina Patti celebrated her 51st birthday on Sunday at Hartford, Conn., by giving a dinner to a party of friends.

Charles A. Holt, aged 23 years, and Mrs. Sophia Barbour, an octogenarian, eloped from Lawrence, Mass., lately, and were married.

A young woman, of Oakland, Neb., upon awakening one morning recently found that she had dislocated her jaw during her sleep.

She: "How much do you love me?" He: "More than I tell. Why, I couldn't love you more if everyone of those freckles were a gold piece."

The two daughters of Mr. John D. Rockefeller will each inherit about $20,000,000. They are probably the wealthiest heiresses in the United States.

Miss Deborah Knox, who is said to be a lineal descendant of old John Knox, the Scotch reformer, is preaching in the country towns of Eastern Connecticut and Western Rhode Island.

Two women, wives of Masons, have been admitted "by adoption" to the Order of Scottish Rite Masons, of Duluth, Minn. Their admission carries with it the right to wear the Masonic apron.

A "mock" wedding ceremony, in which as a joke, Frank Arnold and Miss Jennie O. Freeburger were married by the Mayor of Connersville, Indiana, a few days ago, is now claimed to be binding.

Susan Miller conducts wholly without any assistance one of the most prosperous farms in Barton county, Kansas. She is of splendid stature, standing over six feet in height, and is decidedly mannish.

The King of Assam has 200 wives, who are divided into nine classes. When one of these ladies dies her body is let down over the palace walls to be buried. It is against the law for a dead body to be carried through the doors.

A Chicago family is holding up the reputation of the Windy City as a divorce centre. The husband is suing the wife for separation, while their two married daughters are petitioning for divorces from their husbands.

The Empress of Japan is said to be one of the most tactful royal consorts in the Orient. She is sweet and womanly and is devoted to children. She supports several public institutions for the care and education of foundlings.

The first and only doctress of law in France is Mlle. Jeanne Chauin. As an order of the vice rector of the Academy of Paris forbids women pupils having copies of the code, Mlle. Chauin's instructions to her classes are wholly oral.

"So she married a man to reform him?" "Yes." "And how does she succeed in her project?" "She hasn't had a chance to begin on it yet; all her time is occupied in earning enough to support herself and supply him with pocket money."

The last new stage performance for children is shaving. An 8-year-old girl, daughter of the champion shaver of the world, who gives exhibitions of rapid work at the London Aquarium, has been shaving 13 men in 10 minutes every night until the law stepped her to investigate.

Mrs. Diaz, wife of the President of Mexico, has founded many institutions for the benefit of her countrywomen; among them a day nursery, a society to teach women remunerative employments and an institution through which girls out of work may find employment.

Miss May Philbrook is the first woman to apply for admission to the Bar of New Jersey, and the Justices over there are so bothered with the problem that the whole Supreme Court of the State will consider the question. In this connection it is interesting to note that an Ohio woman was admitted to the Bar before the late Mrs. Bradwell, of Chicago—who was regarded as the first woman lawyer; and it is also pointed out that as far back as Scriptural times Deborah, wife of Lapidoth, was a Judge in Israel.

Three years ago the romantic marriage of Miss Cora Fellows to a Sioux Indian named Chaska was the newspaper sensation of the time. The bride reigned as a heroine in print, and her act was regarded in some quarters as an instance of feminine devotion inspired by a noble zeal to lift her swarthy lover to the plane of civilization. A few short years have stripped the glamor from the romance, revealing the sad reality of a deserted wife and half-breed children, while her worthless husband is living with a squaw with whom he has eloped. The fate of this unhappy woman should be a warning to sentimental maidens against romantic matches in general, and especially against unnatural [illegible] arriages.

Masculinities.

Mr. Herbert H. Fay, of De Kalb, Ill., has made a fad of collecting famous men's portraits, and now has 30,000 of them.

No matter how welcome a guest is, the hostess always looks a little dismayed if they bring a trunk instead of a valise.

"Ebbry man's ideal woman," brother Gardner says, "is one who would believe he caught whales in de river if he told her so."

Queen Victoria still retains a fondness for tableaux vivant, which was a popular form of divertisement with her in her youth.

That which is called dotage is not the weak point of all old men, but only of such as are distinguished by their levity and weakness.

The diamond, though hard, is one of the most brittle of stones. A fall on a wooden floor will sometimes crack and ruin a fine diamond.

The Countess of Warwick has laid out a Shakspeare garden, to consist of all the plants and flowers to which Shakspeare alludes.

Philosophy has given us several plausible rules for attaining peace and tranquility of mind, but they fall very short of bringing men to it.

A Chicago man whose house was robbed several weeks ago, advertises that a liberal reward will be paid for the return of the goods.

Princess Victoria, daughter of the Prince of Wales, is 25 years old, healthy and of cheerful temperament, with remarkable energy and resources.

At the beginning of this century dandies in the German army wore earrings, and adorned their fingers with as many rings as they could conveniently wear.

The Empress of Russia wears everything small and neat, so harmonize with her delicate personality. Pale blue, mauve and green are her favorite colors.

A sportsman who lives at New Castle, Pa., owns a tame gray squirrel which has been trained to drive rabbits out of their holes after the manner of ferrets.

Rose: "I think I'll say yes. It is better to marry a man you respect than one you adore." Dolly: "But it is so much easier to love men than to respect them."

The man who imagined himself wise because he detected some typographical errors in a newspaper, has been trying to get a perpendicular view of the rainbow.

Dr. Livingston, of Bennettsville, N. Y., has built up an extensive practice, notwithstanding that he had been a deaf and dumb mute from the age of three years up to three years ago.

Tommy: "Maw, what is an average man?" Mrs. Figg: "He is a man who is pleasant and smiling downtown all day, but who comes home and gives his wife fits to make up the average."

Five-sixths of all the girls who went into domestic service in London last year had never heard of a tooth brush. Examination also showed that but 707 school children out of 4000 had sound teeth.

Dr. Albino de Freitas, a famous physician of Portugal, was recently sentenced to 8 years solitary imprisonment for having poisoned his nephews and nieces in order that he might inherit their wealth.

"Ah, love, I would like to listen to you all night!" he said, as he rose to go. Six months after they were married he chanced to stop out 15 minutes after his usual hour of return, and he had his desire gratified.

When a woman is asked by a fond lover for her heart and says "No," she don't always mean it; when a man is asked by a jovial friend if he will take something and says "No," he don't always mean it, either.

Miss Eliza Work, of Henrietta, N. Y., who is a centenarian, attributes her long life to the fact that she never drank tea or coffee or never got married. Miss Work, however, had a married brother who lived to be 101 years.

The Boston Schoolboys' Society, composed exclusively of venerable urchins who have been out of school a full half century, contains one member who attended school in Boston 90 years ago. He is Joseph D. Jones, who is 97 years old.

Wool: "That was a mean trick Clarklet's rival played on him."

Van Pelt: "What?"

Wool: "He wrote, 'O, maid of Athens, ere we part,' etc., in the girl's album, and the rival changed the O to Old."

William W. Newcomb, of Stafford Springs, Conn., is the only American whoever married his mother-in-law. He was divorced from her daughter. He has children from both marriages. Anybody can figure out for himself the complication of relationships involved.

Little Mabel: "Ethel must think you are lots better than any of her other beaux."

Mr. Spoonaway, gratified and blushing: "Why, dear?"

Mabel: "Because she lets me stay in the room when you call, and she don't when the others call."

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

Fancy moire is extremely fashionable, especially in black. They have small patterns of trefolls, coffee-berries, or dots. There are also pearly moire silks in soft blue or rose-colored tints, and others with cloud-like patterns, vague and irregular. Nor must we forget onduline, a very beautiful style of thickly-ribbed silk. In fancy woolens there are pretty crape-like tissues; thus we have vigogne crepes, which look like very thick crape, Cronstadt crepon, with gauffered surface, and plain on the inside, and Varsovian tricot, which is formed of strips of woolen tricot, joined together with rows of open-work stitches of silk. It requires a silk lining.

Crepe Sultana belongs to the family of fancy crepes, in which the effect is obtained in the finish by hard pressure. It is a light and airy material.

Among the latest novelties in moire are lance effects. These goods show moire antique lines, all black, brightened by small colored dots, the dots being of various sizes and well scattered. The small effect of color on the rich-looking antique ground is pleasing.

Fancies in moire and satin stripes in combination with moire are liked. Watered satins, which are a cheaper substitute of real moire, find a limited market.

Moire Catalane shows the moire effect in narrow stripes combined with moire figures, a combined effect being thus obtained, the narrow stripes looking like thick ribs, on which run the larger moire figures.

Moire combines well with satin and makes also a good combination with grenadine.

Grenadine promises to do well as a fashionable material this spring. It has been well ordered in combination stripes with moire and with satin, in brocaded effects, etc.

For midsummer wear there are capes in braid and lace effects now being exhibited by an importer who found the manufacturers very busy in Paris upon just such goods. The samples shown have attracted the attention of the cloak men, who have thought of making the garments here, but this is impossible when they are to be kept at a popular price.

The black and white combination is not over with, and some white lace insertions in heavy and light weights are decorated with cut jet beads on the edge and centre. Steel beads are similarly applied to both white and black laces. These white effects will be worn on all kinds of summer dresses, silk or woolen, and may be styled lace passementeries; for millinery as well.

Very pretty tea jackets are of scarlet surah, with double basques. The collar is in box plaits at the back and turned down, plain in front and turned back with large points, leaving a small V-shaped opening at the neck. A wide fichu of lace falls from under the collar over the sleeves, and reaches to the waist back and front. The double basque, collar and turned back cuffs are edged with narrow guipure. The sleeves are full, reaching just below the elbow, and finished with deep lace frills. Other jackets in surah are trimmed with lace and narrow satin bows. A sash is carried round the waist, and butterfly bows are arranged on the shoulders; deep puffed sleeves, with lace ruffles.

Light laces resembling point d'esprit are delicately jetted, made into box-plaited ruffles of two and three widths, and headed with an ornamental finish of jet for dress skirt, shoulder, sleeve, wrap and millinery trimmings. Another sample shows two rows of the frilling joined in the centre with a row of the jet heading. This is carried out in Calais and Plauen laces with a charming light effect that renders them handsome on black or light silk gowns, grenadines, nets, challies, and all fabrics agreeable to lace and jet. A beautiful lace foundation finished with fancy edges has a pattern of jet beads and spangles nearly covering it. Many of the effects are in insertion or band trimmings that rival in style and novelty the light lace and jet ruffles just described.

A very pretty tea-gown is of Olympia velvet and onduline; the coloring is very soft faded roses color for the onduline and for the velvet a pretty shade of Nile-green. The skirt is of onduline, with a deep band of velvet round the foot, edged on each side with a gauffered border of burnt bread colored satin ribbon. The bodice, slipped inside the skirt, is three-quarters low, and is trimmed with a berthe and bouffant sleeves of velvet; it is finished round the top with a gauffered border of satin ribbon; a double strip of the same ribbon comes down on each side from the top of the bodice to the foot of the skirt, being fastened down at regular distances by rosettes of the same ribbon.

Ginghams are in still high favor and are more and more beautiful every season, and the prices are somewhat lower. A chic effect, the figures in colors indefinitely blended, soft greens, old blues, heliotropes and browns, is very stylish. Very attractively printed lawns, thirty-nine inches wide, have striped and figured effects on white and colored grounds. A specialty of this line are the linens with small figured patterns and stripes. Ombre styles are produced by stripes of graduated shades, over which the patterns in blacks, dots and figures are shown. Beautiful organdies known as Saville novelties are in fast black grounds printed in floral designs, and wide satin stripes with lace stripes intervening.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Currant Dumplings.—Old-fashioned currant dumpling, boiled in a cloth, is seldom seen on our tables, and yet it is generally a favorite, and will be found just the thing to vary the desserts. It is made thus: Into a pint of flour, sifted, with a heaping teacupful of baking powder and half a teaspoonful of salt, rub a large teacupful of finely-chopped beef suet and the same of currants, washed thoroughly and dried in a cloth; now with a fork stir into this enough very cold water (about a third of a cupful) to make a rather soft biscuit-like dough. Put this into a floured canton flannel cloth, rough side out, allowing room to swell; tie closely with a stout string and pop it into a potful of boiling water; cook for three hours and do not let the water stop boiling for a moment; replenish from the hot teakettle. It should turn out a light, appetizing-looking ball. Half a cupful of granulated sugar may be rubbed through the flour if liked; if not, the soft white sauce should be well sweetened. Flavor the latter with nutmeg or vanilla.

Cream of Celery Soup.—A pint of milk, a tablespoonful of flour, one of butter, a head of celery, a large slice of onion and a small piece of mace. Boil celery in a pint of water from thirty to thirty-five minutes; boil mace, onion and milk together. Mix flour with two tablespoonfuls of cold milk and add to boiling milk. Cook ten minutes. Mash celery in the water in which it has been cooked and stir into boiling milk. Add butter and season with salt and pepper to taste. Strain and serve immediately. The flavor is improved by adding a cupful of whipped cream when the soup is in the tureen.

A Tasty Dish.—A good way to make egg cutlets is to boil three or four eggs for ten minutes, dip them in cold water for a minute or two and strip off the shell; cut off the ends of each egg and divide into four slices; dip each piece in the well-beaten yolk of an egg, then in bread crumbs rather highly seasoned with pepper, salt and a teaspoonful of very finely minced parsley; fry in boiling butter until brown; serve with potatoes sliced thin and fried to a light brown; garnish with parsley.

Spinach a la Creme.—Throw a quantity of well-washed spinach into a little boiling salt and water; boil it five minutes, then drain and press it dry. Melt two ounces of butter in a stewpan, turn the spinach into it; add a little pepper, and let it simmer for five minutes or more. Then stir in half a teacupful of good cream, and turn it smoking hot into a shallow dish, and garnish with fried croutons.

Claret Cup.—Put into a bowl three bottles of soda-water and one bottle of claret. Pare a lemon very thin and grate a nutmeg; add to these in a jug one pound of loaf-sugar, and pour over them one pint of boiling water; when cold strain and mix with the wine and soda-water; a little lemon juice may be added.

Coffee.—For an evening entertainment the Vienna method of serving coffee is a new departure. The coffee is sweetened and creamed to taste and left to cool. Before serving, a heaping tablespoonful of ice cream is put into each cup. Small glasses can be used for the purpose.

Hominy Griddle Cakes.—To one pint of warm boiled hominy add a pint of milk or water, and flour enough to make a thin batter; beat up two or three eggs, and stir them into the batter with a little salt. Fry as any other griddle cakes.

Russian Tea.—The proper way to make Russian tea is not to fill the cup and then add the slice of lemon, but to put in first a thin slice of lemon, and a lump of sugar, then another slice of lemon, and finally to pour the tea over these.

Breaded Eggs.—Boil hard and cut in round, thick slices; pepper and salt and dip each in beaten raw egg, then in fine bread crumbs and fry in butter, hissing hot. Drain off every drop of grease and serve hot.

Cut glass should be washed with hot suds and a brush to cleanse all the small divisions of the pattern.

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FIRST GENTLEMAN: "Excuse me, sir, but I notice that you are looking at me closely. Is there anything about me that is familiar?" Second gentleman: "Yes, there is—my umbrella."

OLD POLITICAL TOASTS.

The decline and fall of the old health-drinking customs in England have naturally rendered the art of political toasting of little account. Beyond the conventional sentiments usually given at party banquets and convivial gatherings—the cause, and the leader—Political Toasts have but little existence.

It was much otherwise a century ago. Your toast and your song were not then a figure of speech. Health-proposing and health-drinking were serious matters, and no one could shirk his duty therein. Any member of a dinner-party or other social gathering was expected, if called upon, to give a sentiment which the rest of the company could honor. Of course, many of these sentiments became stereotyped, and several collections were made containing many hundreds of these favorite accompaniments to good liquor.

As political passion then ran high, and party feeling was inflamed, it is not surprising to find the political toast figuring prominently in the social life of the period. In the course of his Welsh wanderings in 1794, Coleridge was at Bala, and at some public table gave the health of the then famous Dr. Priestley of Birmingham; whereupon the loyal parish apothecary, who was present, said: "I gives a sentiment, gemmen! May all republicans be guillotened!" A comprehensive proposal, and somewhat sanguinary withal, but very pithily expressed. The political toasts of the last century were often marked by great coarseness, and what one might almost call brutality. There are several collections devoted to sentiments of this type, and some of them display amazing ferocity.

Many framers of political toasts were fond of displaying their ingenuity by disguising their exact intentions under some allusive sentiment or phrase of double meaning. On the 24th of January 1798, the birthday of Charles James Fox, there was a great dinner at the famous "Crown and Anchor." The Whigs assembled in force—two thousand are said to have been present—with the Duke of Norfolk in the chair.

The first toast was the health of Fox, and then the Duke proposed successively, "Rights of the People," "Constitutional Redress of the Wrongs of the People," with other catch-words and phrases which the Whigs then inscribed on their banners. The health of the chairman was drunk, and then the irrepressible Duke gave "Our Sovereign's Health—the Majesty of the People!"

This was sailing too near the wind, and the king promptly dismissed the Duke from his various offices. On the 1st of May in the same year, the Whig Club had a dinner at the "Freemasons' Tavern," and Fox repeated the offence by giving as a toast, "The Sovereignty of the People of Great Britain." As soon as the king heard of this performance, he ordered the great Whig's name to be erased from the list of Privy Councillors.

In Ireland in 1798, when aid from France was expected by those disaffected towards the English rule, a popular toast was "The Feast of the Passover." Early in the present century, Pitt Clubs were very numerous throughout the country. They were founded in support of that great minister's policy during the titanic struggle with Napoleon, and continued to flourish long after Waterloo had ended that contest.

The favorite toasts were, "The Duke of Wellington," "The Gallant Blucher," and then, "True Blue and Prussian Blue—the colors that beat Bonaparte, black and blue?"

It has been ingeniously surmised that this toast, and the popularity at that time of the Prussians, gave rise to Sam Weller's singular form of welcome to his father, whom he saluted with, "Vell, my Prooshan Blue!"—a phrase which was unintelligible to the competitors for Mr. C. S. Calverley's prizes, given in 1857, for proficiency in the "Pickwick Papers," and was even a stone of offence to the learned examiner himself.

The Jacobites were extremely ingenious in their methods of showing convivial disloyalty without too openly committing themselves. Everyone knows the method of drinking the health of the king "over the water;" but this was only one of many devices. In 1715 they were fond of toasting an individual named Job. This was not the much-tried man of infinite and proverbial patience, but simply a combination of the initials of James, Ormonde and Bolingbroke.

The popularity of Salvation Oil is not astonishing when we hear of its many cures.

LEVELLING UP.—A short time ago the King of Denmark and his second son, the King of Greece, went for a walk in the Gribskoff Forest, and noticed only when it was too late that they had strayed miles away from Fredensborg. It was getting near the dinner-hour, and at the Danish Court hours are very strictly kept.

The two crowned heads, fearing that their absence might cause anxiety, were somewhat disturbed at their "fix," and took counsel with each other as to the most expedient way of getting home.

Just then an old peasant driving a cart came along the forest road. The King hailed him, asked permission to mount the cart, and the two kings were invited to jump up and sit on the two sacks behind the peasant. Presently the King of Denmark asked:

"Where are you going, my good friend?"

"Well, sir," replied the old man, "I am on my way to the Castle of Fredensborg, to see if I can't sell the two sacks on which you are sitting. There are carrots in them which are better than any others grown in this country."

"Indeed!"

After a short pause, the King of Greece asked, "Do you know who we are?"

"No—that I do not. How should I know? I have never seen you before."

"Well, then, let me tell you, so that you may recognise us in future. You are driving the King of Denmark and the King of Greece."

The peasant turned round slowly, looked steadily at the monarchs, and burst out into a roar of laughter. "Oh, indeed!" he cried out. "So you are the King of Greece and the King of Denmark. And I, let me tell you—I am King Frederick VII." (who died in 1863).

HUSBAND: "You were not so late as usual to-day?" Wife: "No; the meeting of the Society for the Emancipation of Women from the Thraldom of Men had to be postponed." Husband: "What was the matter?" Wife: "One of the members came in with a crinoline on, and we all rushed out to buy one."

SIMPLICITY.—Borrowdale folk, in England, are as sagacious as their neighbors, but there are very curious tales told of their simplicity in old times. One of them describes the entrance of a jackass into their territory. This animal was unknown to them, and the most ancient person in the village was summoned to discover and declare its nature. He put on his spectacles and consulted his books, and came to the conclusion it was a peacock. The best story of the locality is however connected with the education movement. A Borrowdale man, having purchased that entire novelty, a pair of stirrups, in Keswick, got his wooden shoes into them, but could not get them out. He therefore remained sitting upon his horse in the stable for many weary days, until the genius of the family, about to enter at St. Bees', hit on the device of taking the saddle off, on which "feyther" remained on the kitchen floor for months, carding wool. On the lad's return from college, his trained intelligence suggested taking "feyther's" shoes off and restoring him to a life of active usefulness.

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PARENTS are entitled if soldier **left neither widow nor child,** provided **soldier died in service, or from effects of service,** and they are **now dependent** upon their own labor for support. It makes no difference whether soldier served or died in late war or in regular army or navy.

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THE GOOD DOG.

Mary has a little dog,
Its hair as white as snow;
And right upon its nether end
A fluffy tail doth grow.

It is the very best of dogs,
You never hear it bark;
It does not worry pussy-cats
Or chickens for a lark.

It never chews the table-legs,
Nor scratches off the paint;
It is not sly or mischievous—
Upon my word it ain't!

It never needs a chiding word;
It is not kicked or cuffed,
And no one needs to feed it, for
The pretty thing is stuffed.

—U. N. NONE.

"Nothing succeeds like distress," remarked the beggar, as he counted his coin at the end of the day.

"De trouble wid too many ob you niggers," says Uncle Mose, "is dat you wants to lib sinners and die Christians."

"Is your boy picking up much knowledge at college?" "Knowledge? Why, he even knows more than he thinks he does."

She: "So you went to see 'Hamlet?' Do you think Hamlet was mad?"

He: "You bet he was. There wasn't over $25 in the house."

It is perfectly natural that physicians generally should have a greater horror of the sea than anybody else—because they are more likely to see sickness.

"Ah, my son," said a fa'her who was very awkward with his razor, "you do not know the anguish of being cut by your best friend till you begin to shave yourself!"

"Thank heaven! that new insect powder worked. The cockroaches have come to grief at last!" said the landlady. "Yes," assented old Peterby, "they're in the soup."

Ethel, fanciful: "I wonder what he did with the kisses he stole from me?"

Maud, spiteful: "I suppose he gave them to the maid as he was going through the hall."

Smith: "How far is it from your house to the nearest barroom?"

Lushington: "Oh, it takes me about five minutes to walk there and half an hour to walk back."

Downer: "I am glad it is good form not to wear a watch with a dress suit."

Upper: "Why?"

Downer: "Because I never have my watch and my dress suit at the same time."

Sunday-school teacher: "Tommy, I was shocked to hear you swearing so dreadfully at that strange boy as I came in."

Tommy: "I couldn't help it, ma'am. He was making fun of our kind of religion."

Johnny remarked to his grandmother that old Mrs. Cranshaw had the appearance of a person with one foot in the grave. "Well really, upon my word," said the antique lady, "I thought I noticed she walked a leetle lame lately."

"Do you enjoy holidays?" asked Robby's uncle.

"Yes, sir."

"What do you enjoy most about them?"

"Being able to stay home from school without being sick."

Mrs. Jones: "Wasn't it too bad about Mr. Poore? Just as everybody thought he was recovering he received an apoplectic shock."

Mrs. Green: "Mercy! How did it happen?"

Mrs. Jones: "Nobody knows. He was found unconscious with his doctor's bill in his hand."

"Don't you want to buy some combs?" asked the pedler.

"Combs!" echoed the landlord of the tavern at Pokerville Junction. "What makes you think I need any combs? Didn't you see that one hanging in the washroom? It's been there since before the war and it's a purty good comb yet."

An old lady, who is very much of a bore, paid a visit to a certain family. She prolonged her stay, and finally said to one of the children: "I'm going away directly, Tommy, and I want you to go part of the way with me."

"Can't do it; we are going to have dinner as soon as you leave," replied Tommy.

Pedler: "Want to buy some cockroach poison?"

Woman: "Thought I wouldn't remember you, didn't you? I bought some of your truck two weeks ago and the bugs got fat on it."

Pedler: "Yes'm. That's the way it works. They die of fatty degeneration of the heart."

A youth at school who lacked musical talent, and whose voice jarred during the singing lessons, was always allowed a holiday on singing days. His mother paid a visit to the school to inquire into the matter. The teacher said, "Why, he has no ear!" "What! Nae ear? Did onybody ever hear the like o' that? Nae ear! Why, he has a lug like a saucer, man!"

WHY?—"Young 'swells' often insist on having their trousers made too long for them, so that they may be able to turn them up a couple of inches," said a Chestnut street tailor.

"Why they do this I can't imagine. It is a most foolish fashion, and an ugly one as well. One can understand people turning up their trousers in muddy weather, but it is the custom with a certain class to turn them up on the finest summer's day.

"The result is that in a very short time the cloth becomes marked all round where it is turned back, and eventfully it is cut right through.

"No doubt this is good for trade, but the fad is an expensive one for those who indulge in it."

Another authority expressed the opinion that the custom had its origin in the vanity of young men who wished the world to believe that they indulged in equestrian exercise, and furnished ocular demonstration of the fact by turning up their trousers and displaying their riding buttons.

"THE HEATHEN CHINEE."—The love of a good joke is not unknown even among those "child-like and bland" Celestials who, during the last decade or so, have been crowding together in several parts of the Australian colonies.

A storekeeper, wishing to secure extra trade by advertising his articles in the Chinese language, made a bargain with a Celestial to paint him a sign, expecting, of course, that it would be a very enticing one. It did not answer his expectations, however, for the only perceptible effect it had on the emigrants from the Flowery Land was to excite a grin of the broadest dimensions.

At length the puzzled storekeeper, by means of a considerable monetary inducement, obtained a correct rendering in English of the announcement, and found, to his intense chagrin, that it read as follows:—

"Don't buy anything here; storekeeper a rogue."

AN ILLUSTRATION—A well-known English diplomatist, while calling upon Prince Bismarck some time ago, asked him how he managed to rid himself of that class of unfortunate visitors whom he could not well refuse to see, but whose room he found preferable to their company.

"Oh," replied the Chancellor, "I have a very simple method. My wife knows them pretty well, and when she sees that they are with me she generally contrives to come in and call me away upon some pretext or other."

He had scarcely finished speaking when the Princess put her head in at the door, and said—

"Otto, you must come and take your medicine; you ought to have had it ten minutes ago."

The diplomatist had not till then had any idea that his room could be more welcome than his company.

PERSIAN WOMEN.—Persian women are said to be unusually bright and shrewd, as well as very beautiful, with dark, flashing eyes, and gentle, graceful manners. They are naturally active-minded, with a strongly poetic temperament, and a liking for art, letters, and politics when they can get at them. The Persian woman has greater power with her men folk than any other Oriental woman, and in most affairs of importance her influence may be distinctly traced. She is permitted to enter trades on her own account, to possess independent property, to appear as a witness in courts, and is responsible for her own debts, and in divorce has a right to her children. In theory, then, the fair Persian is well off; but, practically, her place is insecure, owing to the insecurity of life and property in all phases of Persian existence.

THE MOON'S IMPARTIALITY.—A play in which a duel in the snow by night was a leading feature was about to be given at one of our best-known theatres, and the actor-manager had engaged a distinguished player to fill the second part. But at the final rehearsal No. 2 noticed that No. 1 in this especial scene was receiving the benefit of the whole of the limelight, while he was left in darkness.

Dropping his foil to the surprise of all assembled, he looked up to the "flies" and exclaimed to the limelight manipulator—

"The light on me, if you please! There's no favoritism about the moon."

And from that moment, and throughout a prolonged "run," the moon beamed upon hero and villain alike with the most perfect impartiality.

WEATHER FROM STREET LAMPS.—A careful observer has discovered that anyone can forecast the weather of the immediate future by noting the gas flame visible in a street lamp about a hundred yards off.

As winter approaches it might prove useful, and at any rate amusing, to look out for and test the appearances given by the lastest weather prophet as indicating snow and frost.

These are: A clean, bright light, with centre bright as silver, indicates coming snow; while frost is indicated by a "tail" from the bottom of the light, resembling a wine-bottle turned upside-down, the "tail" being dark shadow, and forming the neck of the bottle.

The size of tail will show the degree of frost.

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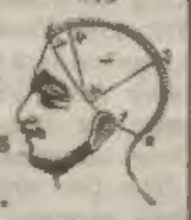

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FOR WIGS. INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
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No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
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For Shamokin—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12 a m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m.

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